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VISITATION.

BY T. FERGUSON.

Was it a voice, or a dream, or a sigh of the wind through the gloaming,
Came to my soul in its pain, soothing the sorrow to sleep?
Or was it thy spirit, my sweet one, over the blue waters roaming,
Sought me, and found from afar, murmuring: "Love, do not weep?"

Ah, now I know it was you, for the rose that I gave you at parting
Filled with its perfume the air, subtle and fragrant and sweet;
Just for a moment you stayed—for a moment the tears that were starting
Paused in their passionate flow—for a moment my heart ceased to beat.

Why did you come to me, O my love? Were you sleeping or waking?
How did you find me so far over the sorrowful seas?
Did your heart, in its loneliness, feel that my heart, in its anguish, was breaking?
Did the wings of some pitying dream waft you safe to me here on the breeze?

I saw you not, dear, though I felt your presence about and around me
Like a girdle of infinite calm, and your voice for a moment I heard
Like the wail of a harp by the wind softly touched, through the spell that enwound me,
In a language that souls understand, or the sweet weary song of a bird.

And over my soul there swept a measureless pitiful longing
To clasp you again to my heart, in spite of the years and of Fate;
And I turned from the blaze of the fire, and saw where the shadows were thronging;
But you were not there—you were gone; and I wept, for I knew I must wait!

Ah, love, I have waited so long! But the dawning followeth after
The darkness; after the rain surely the sunshine is sweet;
If never more upon earth, yet, where weeping is changed unto laughter,
Somewhere beyond the clouds and the stars at the last we shall meet!

* * *

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

(This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FOX UNEARTHED.

We must return to the disconsolate lover, Allen Brooks. We find him—two days after the falling back of the British troops from their advanced encampment in Germantown—at the Lamb tavern in the city, again in company with his agent, Gordon.

"I have done my best," he said, somewhat disconsolately. "They fled from their hiding place in the Neck; they swam their horses over the Schuylkill. I have tried to trace them there, but failed. I found their track and followed it for five miles back, but there I lost it."

"For five miles," said Gordon, with much interest. "Which way did they ride? Where did you lose the track?"

"Straight out the Lancaster road. But they turned off about four miles out into a by-road——"

"To the left?"

"Yes. Their track was plain here, but it failed in about a mile out. The road got hard, and had been ridden over by a troop. I tried to take it up again, but it was lost. I failed to find another trace."

"There were other roads and lanes that led off from the road you were on?"

"Four or five. I tried them, but found nothing."

"Four miles out,—that's the Branchtown road," said Gordon, thoughtfully. "A mile and a-half out on that is the lane leading by Haikson's smith-shop. It strikes over to——. By Jove!" he cried suddenly, "I bet I have them! I can put my hands on them, for a heavy wager."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Brooks, hopefully, laying his hand on Gordon's arm.

"They have a rendezvous in that exact direction. One of their choice places. I know it like a book. If the girl ain't hid there, I'll eat a horse."

"A house, a tavern, a cave? What is it?" asked Brooks, his face lit up with a hope it had not shown since the abduction.

"A house. The home of a secret member of Fitz's gang. I heard a suspicion of it last week, when in Downingtown. It is the place, for a bagful of Continental money."

"Then let us to horse at once. We are fresh. The day is young. We can be on the ground before nightfall."

"Then you had better disguise yourself as before. They may see and know you, and take the alarm."

"No, I am done with disguises. I will go as you see me. If they fly, I will pursue. If they show fight, so much the better. They have escaped me once. By heaven, they shall not get off again!"

"That is the right spirit," said Gordon, enthusiastically. "I owe Fitz no love. If I meet him he will find it so."

Only staying to see to their arms, and to prepare their horses, the companions took to the road, and were soon riding briskly out High street towards the Schuylkill.

Their steeds were fresh and vigorous, the road in good condition, the day clear and bracing, and it was with positive delight that they sped over the ringing ground and through the keen October air.

Very few minutes brought them to the bridge of boats, which the British had hastily thrown across the river at this point.

Here they were stopped, but Brooks' pass easily took them by the guards and on to the sounding planks of the unsteady bridge.

In a short time they had gained firm ground again on the other side of the river, and rode briskly out through the farming country, where now the minor city of West Philadelphia stretches miles back from the stream.

"I feel success in the wind," said Brooks, as the cool air fanned his forehead. "The infamous Fitz has reached the end of his career if I can get within reach of him with pistol shot or sabre stroke. I will ask no second opportunity."

"He will get no more than his deserts," said Gordon, as they pressed up a rising hill. "But what is that? There is surely cavalry yonder."

Ere they could turn to escape his question was answered by the sudden appearance, at the top of the steep incline, of some twenty American troopers, headed by the burly form of Captain Conrad.

They were face to face, almost within reaching distance.

Before Brooks could decide on what action to take in this unlooked-for emergency, one of the troopers rode hastily out from their midst and grasped the bridle of his horse.

"By all that's good," he screamed, in the harsh tones of Sergeant Kerr, "the fox has rid into the lion's den. It's Allen Brooks, the spy. If he gets away again, except at a rope's end, the Westchester guards had best disband."

"Hands off, sir!" cried Brooks angrily, "I do not like strange fingers on my bridle."

"You may have them at your throat if you attempt to resist me," said the Sergeant, loosing his hold of the bridle, and riding up with outstretched hands, as if to carry out his threat.

It was an unfortunate move for him. A hard fist struck like lightning squarely between his eyes. He was hurled from his horse and rolled helplessly to the ground.

"That is my reply to a threat," said the stalwart spy.

Kerr sprung to his feet, maddened by the light laugh that rose from his comrades. In an instant a pistol was in his hand, his finger on the trigger.

"Yield yourself instantly," he screamed, "or by——"

"Don't swear, Sergeant Kerr," was the cool reply of his antagonist. "Swearing makes me nervous."

He was covering the furious soldier with a weapon similar to his own, and with an eye whose cool glitter subdued the fiery glance of the other.

"There is enough of this," cried Captain Conrad, riding up between the foes. "Put up your weapon, Kerr. I command this troop, and you have made yourself too busy. Allen Brooks, you are my prisoner."

The Sergeant remounted his horse, with a dejected aspect. Brooks put away his pistol, saying:

"You are too strong for me. But when you know my errand I think you will not detain me."

"Your errand! What is it?"

There was a ring of surprise and curiosity in his tone.

"You have pledged yourself to Miss Letty Snyder to do your utmost for the rescue of Madge Lawson?"

"Yes, yes," said Conrad earnestly "Go on, sir."

"I know where she is confined. I am riding now to her rescue. If you stop me it may be to her utter loss."

"You are my prisoner, sir," said Conrad, sternly. "You can let me have your information. I will see that she is rescued. As for you, I cannot suffer you to escape again."

"I have no wish to escape," cried Brooks passionately. "I must—I will rescue that girl. You may do as you please with me afterward, but I shall give to no one else the duty which devolves upon me."

"I tell you it is not necessary for you to be present," said the Captain. "Tell me where to find her and——"

"I shall do nothing of the kind, sir," said Brooks firmly. "She shall be freed by my hand, or she remains a prisoner. And I shall take good care that one we both know, shall be apprised of the reason of my failure."

There was a stern set to his lips that told his resolute determination. Captain Conrad, kept silent for a minute, his mouth twitching, a red color mounting to his forehead.

"There is an implied threat in your words," he slowly began. "That matters little, however. I am not to be governed in a question of duty by my own feelings, either of resentment against your threat or of the promise by which you imagine I am bound. You have been a dangerous man. Allen Brooks. You have set arrest at defiance. I have a duty to my country far stronger than any duty to myself. Whether you keep silent in this matter or not, I must deliver you up a prisoner to my superiors."

It was a long speech for the blunt Captain to make. Sergeant Kerr gave vent to a grunt of approval, and signed for two of the soldiers to advance to either side of the captive. There was a fierce glitter of triumph in his eyes, as the tables seemed to turn in his favor.

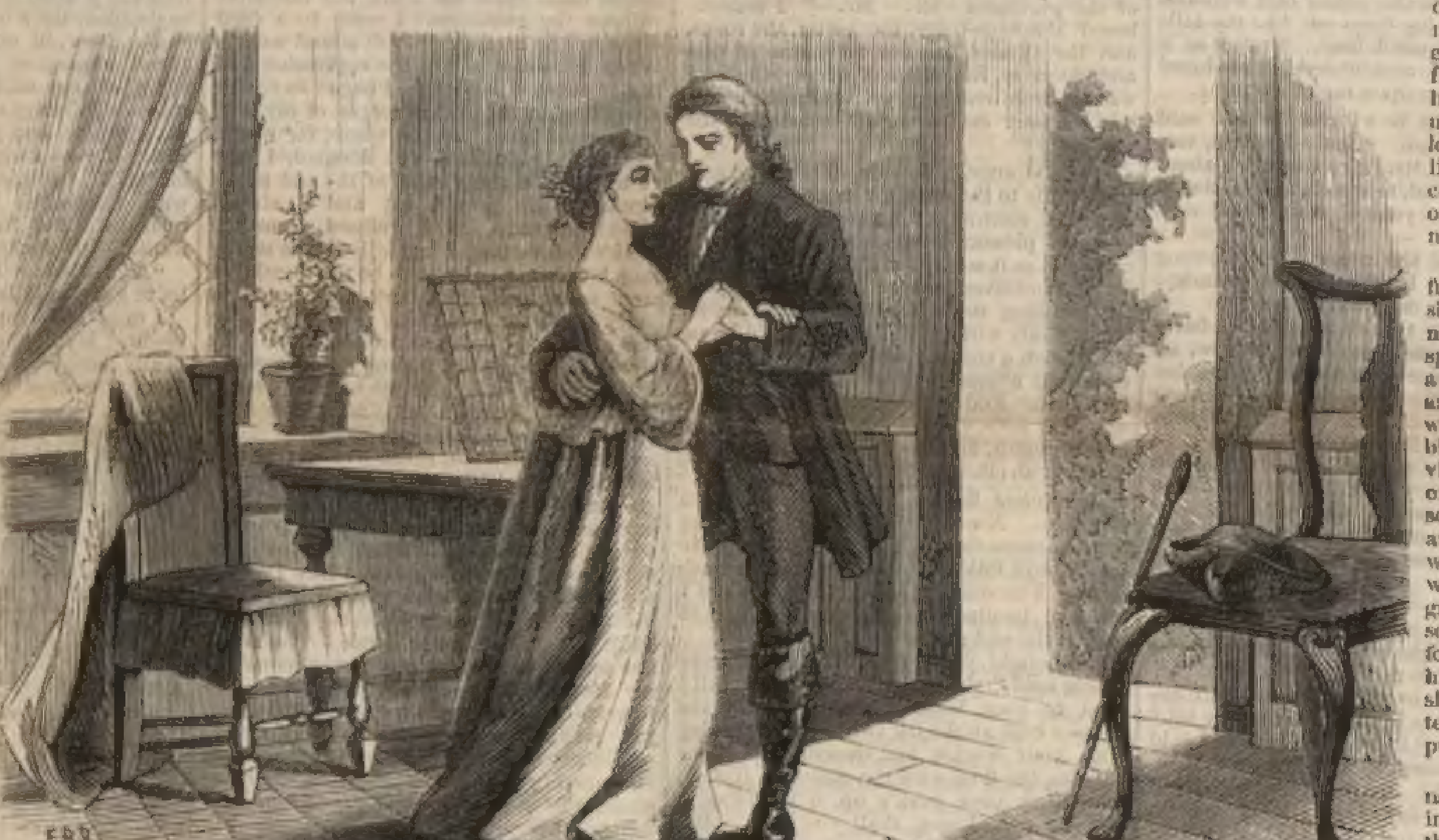
But Brooks sat on his horse unmoved, his face calm, a faint smile on his lips.

"I do not blame you for your decision, Captain," he said. "In your place I would have made the same. Yet permit me to remark that I shall rescue Madge Lawson. I will be glad to have aid from you in the enterprise."

Captain Conrad gazed at him in surprise at his coolness.

"Then by all that's good!" he exclaimed, "You will first have to eat up twenty good men and their horses. Surround and disarm the prisoner."

Gordon, who had listened with some consternation to this debate, drew back as a half dozen of the soldiers pushed up. Brooks, however, was unmoved.



"I HAVE YOU, WHO ARE WORTH A THOUSAND OF HIM."

"Halt, there!" he said authoritatively. "I ride under the protection of your superior, and you will molest me at your peril."

"Of my superior?" cried Captain Conrad, in amazement.

"Of General George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the American forces."

"What, you? a British spy?" said Conrad incredulously. "Come, come, Brooks, it will take more than your bare word to get you off on that plea. Where is your protection?"

"Here," said Brooks, handing him a folded slip of paper.

"By heaven, men!" cried Conrad, gazing in astonishment at the paper, "he has a pass that gives him perfect freedom of the American lines. This is beyond belief! But it is dated nearly a year ago! It has no name?"

"It has not been revoked since," said Brooks. "Nor do I think that Washington will deny that signature, or my claim to the pass."

"But you were a spy then—with a price on your head!"

"There are open things, and there are hidden things, in this world, Captain," said Brooks, smiling mysteriously. "I can say no more. It may be that I have said too much already. But you can safely ride with me now to the rescue of Miss Lawson."

"By ——, that pass has been stolen!" cried Kerr. "The infernal, spying rascal has no right to it."

"Keep back, Kerr," said the captain sternly. "You are too free of your tongue."

To have been rolled in the dust by his foe, and twice rebuked by his superior, were unusual events to the sergeant. There was a very thundercloud of blackness in his face as he drew sullenly back.

"I will ride with you, Brooks," said the captain. "That safeguard protects you for the present. I frankly tell you though that I shall enquire closely into your possession of it. If I find you have not come by it rightfully, I will hang you up, the next time we meet, without a minute's shriving."

"You are welcome," was the brief answer.

"How many men will we need?" asked Captain Conrad.

"Five will be enough," said Gordon, speaking for the first time.

"Then we will take ten," said the captain, after looking for a moment at the speaker. "It will not pay to venture weakhanded into the den of the fox. Kerr, you ride with the rest of the men to join the colonel. Tell him I will be up with him to-morrow."

In a few minutes more the selected party was proceeding rapidly along the open road, Brooks and Conrad at the head in very different relations from those which had threatened but shortly before.

Gordon now took the office of guide, and led them by high-road and by-road over many miles of varied country.

The day was waning into afternoon when they at length came within sight of their goal. It was a solid-looking farm house, entirely removed beyond view from the main road, from which it lay back nearly half a mile. The approach was by a narrow, private lane, thickly bordered by trees. They were almost upon the house before it was seen.

"On it now, boot and spur!" cried Conrad, with a ringing shout, as he pressed his horse forward. "Surround them! Break in the doors! Don't let a soul escape!"

His cry was answered by the appearance of several men, who ran hastily from the rear of the house, and across towards a grove beyond.

Before they could reach it, however, the soldiers were upon them, sabre in hand, dealing and parrying blows. Brooks and Gordon sprang from their horses, and rushed into the open front door. There was no one visible within.

"This way!" came in ringing tones from the lover. "She is somewhere up stairs. It will fare hard for the man who seeks to stop me now!"

As he reached the top of the stairs a tall man stepped out before him. There was a vivid flash, and his face felt the stinging touch of a bullet.

He was as good as his word. In an instant the man was lifted in his sinewy arms and flung headlong to the head of the stairs, down which he went rolling and bumping at every step.

"That is Captain Fitz!" cried Gordon, nervously. "It is a miracle you haven't broken his neck."

"After him, Gordon! See that he does not escape," was the quick reply. "I have but one object now."

Door after door was broken open by the eager lover, room after room explored.

He was beginning to despair, when his eyes caught the outline of a well-known form, the glimpse of a well-known face, as the bearer sprang up in alarm at his impetuous entrance.

"Madge!" came from him like a trumpet peal of triumph.

"Allen!" was the quick, glad, love-revealing answer.

In an instant she was locked in his arms, strained nervously to his heaving breast, while his lips had met hers in the first sweet kiss of love.

It was a moment of deep bliss to those two young souls, the affection which had remained before unspoken springing up in that moment of surprise into overmastering strength.

A moment of bliss, broken by the hasty entrance of Gordon.

"He was not hurt! He has escaped!" was the excited cry.

"Who?"

"Captain Fitz. The soldiers are after him, but they will not catch him."

"Follow him, Gordon. You know his tricks. Guide them."

"I have you, who are worth a thousand of him," said Brooks, flinging his hat joyfully on a chair, and again tenderly embracing her. "He will not again dare venture to molest you."

"And have you loved me all this time, Allen?" she softly asked.

"Can you doubt it, darling?" was his fervent reply. "With all the fervor of my soul, all the truth of my heart, all the constancy of my nature, I love you and you only."

Ringing shouts of triumph from the soldiers without formed the meet accompaniment to this troth-plight.

CHAPTER XXV.

LETTY'S CONQUEST.

Yet despite the triumphant tone of the soldiers, Captain Fitz was not taken. His men were demoralized by the onset of the troopers; one killed, three others wounded and taken prisoners, the others flying to all points of the compass.

But the leader had slipped through the hands of his foes, badly wounding one of them by a pistol shot, and had availed himself of his knowledge of the surrounding woods to make his escape.

Brooks, too, had deemed it best not to trust himself to the hands of Captain Conrad, after their temporary compact had ceased. There was danger that the latter might change his mind, and consider the spy as too important a prize to be allowed to go scot free.

He had, therefore, left Madge to the escort of the soldiers, and prudently retired from their dangerous vicinity.

It was not considered safe for her to trust herself again at her home in its exposed position, with her enemy at liberty. She, therefore, took up her residence with an aunt in the city, assured of protection by the military authorities, despite the ardor of her patriotic sentiments.

We must pass over a period of nearly two months succeeding the events recorded in the last chapter, during which the status of our characters had not materially changed. Brooks, in his freedom of the city, had ample opportunity to play the lover, and Madge had little reason to accuse her betrothed of inconstancy or neglect.

It surprised her friends to find how she made this intimacy with a British spy accord with her ardent patriotism; and her aunt, a warm American, bitterly opposed his visits. But Madge only smiled with a secret significance, and continued to welcome her lover with her warmest greetings. She had some hidden reason for her tolerance of his business which she showed no intention of making public.

There had been no material change in the relations of the two armies. Washington was still encamped at Whitemarsh, in a fortified position, while Howe's army was confined to the city and its environs. The intervening space was a debatable land, ridden over and fought over by scouting parties of both armies, whose outposts were kept in a state of constant vigilance.

Colonel M'Lane, on the American side, was almost constantly in the saddle; and Captain Conrad, his most active aid, found abundant opportunities of making a passing call at Snyder's inn.

On the other hand the British officer, Captain Collins, was no less active as a scout, and more than one collision had occurred between the two rivals, whose pretentions to the favor of the same lady were no secret to each other.

He, too, occasionally made a call on old Snyder, at the head of his troop. But if he took this trouble with the hope of seeing Letty he was destined to disappointment.

She was always too busy to appear. Captain Collins must excuse her, but unless his errand was very important, indeed, she was in no toilet to see him.

It was astonishing how particular Letty had become lately about her toilet, since she had been the object of admiration of a brace of military officers.

In the afternoon of December 5th, he again called, on his return from a reconnoisance of the American outposts.

"Hungry and tired," he said. "Something in the way of dinner will be acceptable, Snyder."

"But you'll eat me out of house and home with all your hungry dragoons," cried Snyder, holding up his hands in horror. "I'd have to kill a cow to feed them all."

"Feed me then. They have their rations with them.—And say, Snyder, tell your daughter I would like a word with her."

The dinner soon came in, and was followed by the host, with the remark:

"My daughter says that she is used to being invited, not ordered, into the presence of gentlemen."

"Now, Snyder," said the Captain, petulantly, "you must have added to my message. I would be happy to call upon her, only she will not permit me. I can only then request her to pay me a visit. Tell her my business is important."

Snyder came back after a few minutes' absence, saying:

"She's the confoundest girl, Captain. She's grown ahead of me, that's flat. I tried my paternal authority with her, but she cared no more than if I'd been talking to a chicken. There's got to be a leaf turned over in this house."

The worthy innkeeper was decidedly wrothy at this incipient rebellion in his own household.

Captain Collins, too, was far from being pleased. He sprang up from his half-eaten meal, crying determinedly:

"There's been enough of this. I have called here five times now, and have been put off with some trivial excuse. I must see her to-day, and shall go to her since she will not come to me."

The sword of the irate officer clanged ominously on the floor as he strode through the door of the supper-room, and to the stairs leading upward to the family room of the Snyder household.

He was prevented from ascending by the appearance of the obdurate young lady at the head of the stairs.

"Captain Collins, I declare!" she cried in her most winning manner. "Wait; I will be down in a minute."

The Captain was astounded by this change of front, and by the light manner in which Letty tripped down stairs.

"You don't know how I have been wanting to see you," she said, impressively, as she took his hand with a hearty clasp.

"You have an odd way of showing it," was his somewhat sour reply.

"Oh! that's all Daddy Snyder. You can't imagine what a tyrant he is. He don't like to have young men calling upon me."

"Why, he blames you for it all," was the astonished reply.

"That's just like him, she answered, with a shrug. "Of course he don't want to offend Captain Collins."

"And you didn't refuse to come?" asked the Captain, incredulously. "Perhaps you don't like young men calling upon you any more than your father."

The Captain certainly thought he was being trifled with, and was irate in consequence.

Letty looked down with assumed confusion, tapping the floor nervously with her slippered foot.

"I don't know," she murmured, "that I ought to approve of your visits, Captain. I fear that you may only be trifling with me."

"Trifling!" he exclaimed, taking her unwilling hand. "You did not think so when last we parted."

"No, no," was her trembling answer. "You confused me then—you were so warm, so—. But I have been thinking over it since, and—"

"And have let somebody's wisdom make a fool of you, Letty," he warmly replied. "Where your heart counselled you should not have listened to strangers."

"But what one's heart says is not always wisdom," she replied, with a soft blush. "And I fear I cannot trust you. You were going to drive out the rebels. This country was to be conquered. The power of our King was to be renewed. You have not kept your word, Captain Collins."

She withdrew her hand from his, and looked him earnestly in the face.

"It will be done, Letty," he said, with a significant smile.

"But when? when? Will be is too indefinite."

"I cannot speak more plainly."

"You can do nothing but trifle with me as if I were a child," she said, with some bitterness. "You can promise, but not fulfil. You win my affection—for what? Where is the assurance you were to give me? Where is this driving out of the detested rebels?"

The Captain was carried away by her impetuous speech.

"I have not deceived you, Letty," he said. "The rebels are in a danger they little dream of. General Howe is not idle."

There was more in his tone than in his words. Letty yielded to the arm that stole softly round her waist. Her face was very close to his as she said:

"He is about to move then? to attack the rebels? to surprise them?"

"Yes, yes," he replied, intoxicated with the warm breath that fanned his flushed face.

"That's glorious news," she replied, triumphantly. "Our King will get his own again, and these insolent rebels be put down."

"And I be free to love you as I will," he said, with a look in his face that was not all innocent love.

"But when, dear?" she softly asked. "Soon, oh, soon, I hope!"

It was the voice of the siren. He felt her form yielding to his embrace; her eyes swam in liquid light as they gazed into his; the flushing color came and went in her face. Is it strange that he forgot everything but the glorious conquest he had made, and put utter trust in her whose whole frame seemed to be pulsing with love for him.

"This very night," he whispered. "The plans are all laid. It will be a night attack. The rebels will be surprised and cut to pieces."

"And my own Captain?"

"Will come back to claim his own Letty," he said, as he pressed her closer to him and touched her lips with a passionate kiss.

A minute they stood thus, lost, as it seemed, in love's ecstacy.

But they were still in the passage at the foot of the stairs. A door opened. They sprang back nervously from each other. It was the Lieutenant of the company, who called out for the Captain.

"I must go now, Letty," whispered the latter. "Good-bye. It will not be for long."

"Good-bye!" came in half-choked accents from her lips.

He thought it the emotion of her love, and passed out with a heart proud of its conquest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* * *

MEN are not to be judged by their looks, habits, and appearances; but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. It is better that a man's own works, than that another man's words, should praise him.

I AM LOVED.

BY MARIETTA HERBERT.

My heart is light as a bird to-night,
That flies to her nest in the soft twilight
And sings in her brooding bliss,
Ah, I so low and he so high,
What could he find to love? I cry—
Did ever love stoop so low as this?

As a miser jealously counts his gold,
I sit and dream of my wealth untold,
From the curious world apart,
Too sacred my joy for another eye,
I treasure it tenderly, silently,
And hide it away in my heart.

Dearer to me than the costliest crown
That ever on queenly forehead shone,
Is the kiss of an hour ago!
Would I change his smile for a royal gem?
His love for a monarch's diadem?
Change it? You wrong me thinking so!

My heart sings like a bird to-night,
And flies away to its nest of light
To brood o'er its living bliss;
Ah, I so low, and he so high;
What could he find to love? I cry—
Did ever love stoop so low as this?"

FEUILLETON.

The Case of Mr. Lucraft.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," ETC.

PART II.

There was still the strange look in my host's eyes, a sort of passionate and eager longing.

"I am very well, thank you, sir, and more grateful than I can tell you."

"Hang the gratitude! Tell me if you feel any sense of repletion? Does the blood seem mounting to the head? Are you quite free from any giddiness? No thickness in the speech? It's wonderful, it's providential, my finding you. Such a windfall; and just when I most wanted it. Our blessings truly come when we least expect them."

This was strange language, but the whole proceedings were so strange that I hardly noticed it. Besides, I was extremely comfortable after my dinner, and disposed to rest.

"Now," he went on, "while you are digesting—by the way, the digestion is, I trust, unimpaired by drink or excess? Quite so; and what I expected in so good and so gifted a young man. Like an ostrich, as you say. Ho, ho! ha, ha! like an ostrich! It is indeed too much. Tell me, now, something gently and dispassionately, so as not to injure your digestion, about your history."

I told him all. While I related my simple story he interrupted now and then with some fresh question on the growth, the endurance, the regularity of my appetite, to which I gave satisfactory answers. It seemed to me that he took no kind of interest in what I told him, and was chiefly anxious about my appetite. When I had quite finished he went to the table—I noticed then that all traces of the dinner had disappeared—and laid out a document, by which he placed a pen. Then he drew a chair, sat down in front of me, and assumed a serious air.

"Come," he said, "to business."

I had not the smallest notion what the business was, but I bowed and waited. Perhaps he was going to offer me a clerkship. Visions of a large salary, to suit my expansive appetite, came across my brain.

"In your case," he began, "the possession of so great an appetite must be attended with serious inconveniences. You have no money; in a few hours you will be hungry again; you will endure great pain and suffering, greater than is felt by men less largely endowed with the greatest blessing—I mean with appetite."

"Yes," I said, "it is a great trouble to me, this twist of mine, especially when I am hard up."

He almost jumped out of his chair.

"Why, there," he cried, "what is the use of words? We are agreed already. Nothing could be more fortunate. Let us have no more beating about the bush. Young man, I will rid you of this nuisance; I will buy your appetite of you."

I only stared. Was the old gentleman mad?

"It is a strange offer, I know," he went on, "a strange offer, and you have probably never heard a more remarkable one. But it is genuine. I will buy your appetite of you."

"Buy my—buy my appetite?"

"Nothing easier. Read this."

He gave me the paper which he had laid on the table, prepared in readiness, I suppose, for me. It was as follows:

"I, Luke Lucraft, being in sound mind and in good health, and of the mature age of twenty-four, do voluntarily and of my own free will and accord agree and promise to resign my appetite entirely and altogether for the use of Ebenezer Grumbelow from the day and hour of the execution of this deed. In return whereof I agree to accept a monthly allowance of 30l., also to date from the moment of signature, with a sum of 50l., to be placed in my hands. I promise also that I will carefully study to preserve by regular habits and exercise the gift of a generous appetite; that I will not work immoderately, sit up late, practise vicious courses, or do anything that may tend to impair the regular recurrence of a healthy and vigorous hunger."

Then followed a place for the signature and one for the witnesses.

"You see," he went on. "I ask for no unpleasant condition. I give you a free life, coupled with the simple condition of ordinary care. Do you agree?"

"I hardly know; it is so sudden."

"Come, come"—he spoke with a harshness quite new—"come, let us have no nonsense. Do you agree?"

I read it over again.

"Give me a little time," I said. "Let me reflect till to-morrow morning."

"Reflect!" his face flushed purple, and his bloodshot eyes literally glared. "Reflect! what the devil does the boy want to reflect about? Has he got a penny, a friend, or a chance in the whole world? I will give you five minutes—come." He rose up and stood before me. As I looked in his face a curious dimness came over my eyes; he seemed to recede before me; disappeared altogether. When I heard him speak again his voice sounded far, far off, but thin and clear, as if it came through some long tube. "Luke Lucraft," it said, "see yourself."

Yes; I saw myself, and, though *outside* of what I saw, I felt the same emotions as if I had been the actual performer in the scenes I witnessed.

I was starving, and with feelings of bitter shame I begged for money of the passers-by. A woman gave me a shilling, and I hurried away to buy something to eat.

I was sleeping among the stalks, straw, and vegetable refuse of Covent-garden Market. I awoke hungry and miserable. I begged again, and got nothing. Then—then—then I stole. I was not detected, and I stole again. The second time I was not detected. There came the third time, when I was seen and apprehended. The misery and shame of the hour when I stood before the magistrate, in that horrible vision of a possible future, I cannot even yet forget. With this a constant sense of unsatisfied and craving hunger; a feeling as if hunger was the greatest evil in the whole world; a longing to get rid of it. Last scene of all, I was lying dead, starved to death with hunger and cold, in a miserable, bare, and naked garret.

By what black art did the old man delude my senses? It was a lie, and he knew it. I should have got some honest work, if only to wheel bricks or carry loads.

"There is your future, young man"—there came up from the distance the voice of the tempter—"a gloomy prospect; a miserable life, a wretched ending. Now look at the other side."

The scene changed. I saw myself, but in another guise. My hunger had vanished; I felt it no more. I was well dressed, cheerful, and light-hearted: I was dancing in a room full of pretty girls; I was singing and playing; I was wandering among the woods and flowers; I was reading on a sofa; I was lying in the sunshine; I was looking at pictures; I was at the theatre; I was riding in the Park; I was following the hounds; I was making love to Juliet. The pictures changed as fast as my fancy wandered from one thing to another. In all I was the same—free from the downward and earthly pressure of want and hunger, relieved from anxiety, with plenty of money, and full of all sweet and innocent fancies.

Lies again. But by what power could this necromancer so cheat and gull my brain?

"Very different scenes these, my dear young friend," he said in a winning voice, "are they not? Now," he went on, and his voice was quite close to me, "you have had your five minutes."

The cloud passed from my eyes. I was sitting again in the octagonal room, the old man before me, watch in hand, as if he was counting the seconds.

"Five minutes and a quarter," he growled. "Now choose."

"I have chosen," I replied. "I accept your offer."

The influence of the things I had seen was too strong upon me. I could neither reason nor reflect.

"I accept your offer."

"Why, that's brave," he said, with a gigantic sigh of relief. "That's what I expected of you. Boule-de-neige—Boule-de-neige!"

He clapped his hands.

Instantly the horrible old negro appeared behind his master's chair as if he had sprung up from the ground. I believe he had. He looked more like a devil than ever, grinning from ear to ear, and his two eyes glowing in the candlelight like two great coals. The light fell too upon the seams and wrinkles of his face, bringing them out like the hills and valleys in a raised map. Strange as it all was to me, this ancient servitor produced the strangest effect upon me of anything.

"Boule-de-neige is witness for us," said the old gentleman. "Boule-de-neige, this young gentleman, Mr. Luke Lucraft, is about to sign a little deed, to which, as a matter of form, we require your signature too, as a witness."

"Cluck!" said the negro. "Dis young gengleman berry lucky—him berry lucky. What time massa take him dinner?"

"When do you think you shall be fairly hungry again?" he asked me. "Now, no boastings—no false pretence and pride, because it will be the worse for you. Answer truthfully. It is now six."

"I should say that at nine I should be able to take some supper, and at ten I shall certainly be hungry again. You see I have taken such an immense dinner."

"Good." He turned to Boule-de-neige. "You see, the young man is modest and promises fairly. I shall have supper—a plentiful supper—at ten punctually. Mr. Lucraft will now sign."

I advanced to the table and took up the pen, but there was no ink.

"Cluck!" said the infernal negro with another grin—"cluck! Massa wait lilly bit."

He took my left hand in his soft and cold paw. I felt a sharp prick at my wrist.

"You will dip the pen," said the old gentleman, "in the blood. It is a mere form."

"Cluck!" said Boule-de-neige.

"A mere form, because we have no ink handy."

"Cluck-cluck!"

I signed my name as desired, and, following the directions of the old gentleman, placed my finger on the red wafer at the margin, saying, "I declare this my act and deed."

Then I gave the pen to Boule-de-neige. He signed after me in a firm flowing hand, 'Boule-de-neige.' As I looked, the letters seemed somehow to shape themselves into "Beelzebub." I looked at him with a kind of terror. The creature grinned in my face as if he divined my thoughts, and gave utterance to one of his hideous "Clucks."

Then I began to feel the same faintness which I had at first experienced. It mounted upwards from my feet slowly, so that I heard the old gentleman's voice, though I saw nothing. It grew gradually fainter.

"Supper at ten, Boule-de-neige," he was saying; "I feel getting hungry already. What shall I do with myself till ten o'clock? I am certainly getting hungry. I think I can have it served at half-past nine. O, blessed day! O, thankful blessed day! Boule-de-neige, it must be supper for three—for four—for five. I shall have champagne—the Perrier Jouet—and curacao punch afterwards. Curacao punch—I have not tasted it for three months and more. O, what a blessed—blessed—blessed—"

I heard no more because my senses failed me altogether, and his voice died away in my ears.

When I came to myself I was leaning against the post in Bucklersbury, where I had met the old man.

A whiff of cooked meat from the restaurant, which caught me as I opened my eyes, produced a singular feeling of disgust. "Pah," I muttered, "roast mutton!" and moved from the spot. My hunger was gone, that was quite certain. I felt a quietness about those regions, wherever they may be, which belong to appetite; I was almost dreamy in the repose which followed a morning so stormy. I walked quietly away homeward in a kind of daze, trying to make out something of what had happened. The first thing I found I could not remember was the name of the old gentleman. When that came back to me and under what circumstances I will tell you as we get along. Bit by bit I recalled the whole events of the afternoon, one after the other. I saw the old man, with his purple face and bloodshot eyes and white hair; I saw the wrinkled and seamed old negro; I saw the octagonal room without doors or windows; the splendid dinner; the host watching my every gesture; I remembered everything except the name of the man to whom I had sold—my appetite.

It was so strange that I laughed when I thought of it. I must have been drunk: he gave me a good dinner and I took too much wine; but then how was it that I remembered clearly every, even the smallest, detail?

On the bed in the one room which constituted my lodging I found a letter. It was from a firm of lawyers, dated that evening at half-past six—half an hour after I signed the paper—stating that they were empowered by a client, whose name was not mentioned, to give me the sum of 30l. monthly, to begin from that day, and to be paid to me personally. How did they get their instructions then? And it was all true!

I was too tired with the day's adventures to think any more, and though it was only nine o'clock I went to bed and fell fast asleep. In an hour I awoke again, with a choking sensation as if I was eating too much. I knew instantly what was going on, and by a kind of prophetic insight. The old man was taking his supper, and taking more than was good—*for me*. I sprang from the bed gasping for breath. Presently, as I gathered, he began to drink too much, as well. My brain went round and round. I laughed, sang, and danced; and soon after with a heavy fall I rolled senseless on the carpet, and remembered nothing more.

It was early in the morning when I awoke, still lying on the floor. I had a splitting headache. I had fallen against some corner of the furniture and blackened one eye. I had broken two chairs somehow or other. I was cold, ill, and shaken. I got into bed, and tried to remember what had happened. Clearly I must have made a drunken beast of myself over the dinner, and reeled home with my head full of fancies and dreams; perhaps the dinner itself was a dream and a hallucination too; if so, the pangs of hunger would soon recommence. But they did not. Then I fell asleep, and did not awake again till the sun was high and the clock striking ten. How ill and wretched I felt as I dressed! My hand shook, my eyes were red, my face swollen. Surely I must have been intoxicated. I had been, up to that day at least, a temperate man, partly no doubt from the very wholesome reason which keeps so many of us sober—the necessity of poverty; but of course I had not arrived at four-and-twenty years and seen so much of the world without recognising the signs of too much drink. I had them, every one; and, as most men know too, well, they are all summed up in the simple expression, "hot coppers." Alas, I was destined to become only too familiar with the accursed symptoms. Involuntarily, when I had dressed, I put my hands in my pockets; there was money, gold—sovereigns—my pocket was full of them. I counted them in a stupor. Forty-nine, and one rolled into the corner—fifty; it was part of the sum for which I had sold my appetite, and on the table lay the letter from Messrs. Crackett & Charges, inviting me to draw thirty pounds a month.

Then it was all true!

I sat down, and with my throbbing temples and feverish pulse tried to make it out. Everything became plain except the name of the purchaser—Mr.— Mr.— I remembered Boule-de-neige, the house, the room, and the dinner, but not the name of that arch-deceiver, the whole of whose villainy I was far from realising yet, and until it was told me later on I never did remember the name.

It was strange. Men are said to have sold their souls to the devil for money, bartering away an eternity of happiness for a few years of pleasure; but as for me I had exchanged, as it seemed at first sight, nothing but the inconvenience of a healthy appetite with nothing to eat for the means of living comfortably without it. There could be no sin in such a transaction; it was on a different level altogether from the bargain made by Faust. And there were the broad, the benevolent facts, so to speak—my pocket full of sovereigns, and the letter instructing me to call at an office for thirty pounds monthly.

Benevolent facts I thought them. You shall see. No sin could be laid to my door for the transaction. You shall judge. No harm could follow so simple a piece of business. You shall read. On my way out I met the landlady, who gave me notice to quit at the end of the week.

"I thought you were a quiet and a sober young man," she said. "Ah, never will I trust to good looks again. Me and the lodgers kept awake till two in the morning with your singing and dancing, let alone banging the door with the chairs. Not an hour after your week's up, if you was to pray on your knees, shall you stay. And next door threatening the police! and me a quiet woman for twenty years."

My heart sank again. But after all, perhaps it was I myself, not the good old gentleman, my kind patron and benefactor, at all, who was the cause of this disturbance. It was undoubtedly true that I had drunk a great quantity of wine. I begged her pardon humbly, and passed out.

It was now eleven o'clock, but I felt no desire for breakfast. That was an experience quite novel to me. Still I went to a coffee-house, according to habit, and ordered some tea and a rasher. When they came I discovered, with a kind of horrid foreboding of worse misfortune, that my taste was gone. Except that one thing was solid and the other liquid, I distinguished nothing. Nor did my sense of smell assist me; as I found later, my nose was affected agreeably or disagreeably, but I had no other use for it. Gunpowder, sulphurated hydrogen gas, and tobacco offended my nose. So did certain smells belonging to cookery. On the other hand, certain flowers, tea, and claret pleased me, but I was unable to distinguish between them. Not only could I not tast things, but I had no gratification in eating them. I ate and drank mechanically, because I knew that the body must be kept going on something.

All this, however, and more, came by degrees. After making a forced breakfast I bent my steps to the lawyers', who had an office in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

The letter was received by a conceited young clerk in shiny black habiliments, and a self-satisfied manner.

"Ha," he said, "I thought you would soon come round to us after the letter. Sign that. You haven't been long. None of them are."

It was a receipt, and I was on the point of asking if it was to be signed in blood, when he settled the question by giving me the ink.

"There, Luke Lucraft, across the eightpenny stamp. I'm not allowed to answer any questions you may put, Mr. Lucraft, nor to ask you any; so take your money, and good-morning. I suppose, like the rest of them, you don't know the name of your benefactor, and would like to—yes; but you needn't ask *me*; and I've orders not to admit you to see either Mr. Charges or Mr. Crackett. They'd trouble enough with the last but one. He broke into their office once drunk, and laid about him with the ruler."

I burst into a cold dew of terror.

"However, Mr. Lucraft, I hope you will be more fortunate than your predecessors."

"Where are they? Who are they?"

"I do not know where they are, not for a certainty," he replied with a grin. "But we may guess. Dead and buried they are, all of them. Gone to kingdom come; all died of the same thing too. Delicious trimmings killed them. Poor old gentleman! He's too good for this world, as everybody knows, and the more he's taken in the more he's deceived. Anyhow, he's very unlucky in his pensioners. He did say when the last went off that he would have no more; he wept over it, and declared that his bounty was always abused; but there never was such a benevolent old chap. I only wish he'd take a fancy to me."

"What did you say is his name, by the way?"

The clerk looked at me with a cunning wink.

"If you don't know, I am sure I do not," he said. "Here is the cheque, Mr. Lucraft, and I hope you will continue to come here and draw it a good deal longer than the other chaps. But there's a sight on the pensioners. Lord, what a healthy chap Tom Kirby—he was a Monmouth man—looked when he first came for his cheque! As strong as a bull and as fresh as a lark."

"A good appetite he had?"

"No; couldn't eat anything after a bit; said he fancied nothing. He pined away and died in a galloping consumption before the third month was due. Nobody ever saw him drinking, but he was drunk every night like the rest. Perhaps it's only coincidence. Better luck to *you*, Mr. Lucraft!"

This conversation did not reassure me, and I determined to go over to Bucklersbury at once and see my patron. I found the post against which I was leaning when he accosted me; there was no doubt about that, for the hares and the cauliflowers were still in the shop-windows, only they looked disgusting to me this morning. I found the street into which he had led me, and then—then—it was the most extraordinary thing, I could not find the door by which we entered. Not only was there no door, but there seemed no place where such a door as I remembered could exist in this little winding narrow street. I went up and down twice. I looked at all the windows. I asked a policeman if he had ever seen an old gentleman about the street such as I described, or such a negro as Boule-de-neige; but he could give me no information. Only as I prowled slowly along the pavement I heard distinctly—it gave me a nervous shock that I could not account for—the infernal "Cluck-cluck!" of the negro with the cold soft hands, the wrinkled skin, and the fiery red eyes. He was clucking at me from some hiding-place of his own, where he was safe. He had done me no harm that I knew of, but I hated him at that moment.

I was by this time not at all elated at my good fortune. I even craved to have back again what I had sold. I felt heavy at heart, and had a presentiment of fresh trouble before me. I thought of the fate of those unknown and unfortunate predecessors, all dead in consequence of drink, evil courses, and D. T. Heavens! was I too to die miserably with delirium tremens, after I had sold my taste, and could only tell brandy from water, like the cask which might hold either, by the smell?

At half-past one, the luncheon time for all who have appetites, the sense of being gorged came upon me again, but this time without the giddiness. I went to a cigar divan in the Strand, and fell sound asleep. When I awoke at six the oppression had passed away. And now I began to realise something of the consequences of my act; I say something, because worse, far worse, remained behind. I was doomed, I saw clearly, to be the victim of the old man's gluttony. He would eat and I should suffer. Already, as I guessed from the clerk's statements, he had killed three strong men before me. I was to be the fourth. I went again to Bucklersbury, and sought in every house for something that might give me a clue. I loitered in the quiet City streets in the hope of finding my tormentor, and forcing him to give me back my bond. There was no clue, and I did not meet him. But I felt him. He began dinner, as nearly as I could feel, about seven o'clock; he took his meal with deliberation, judging from the gradual nature of my sensations; but he took an amazing quantity, and by eight o'clock the weight upon me was so great that I could scarcely breathe. How I cursed my folly! How I impotently writhed under the burden I had wantonly laid upon myself! And then he began to drink. The fiend, the scoundrel! I felt the fumes mount to my head; there was no exhilaration, no forgetfulness of misery: none of the pleasant gradations of excitement, hope, and confidence, through which men are accustomed to pass before arriving at the final stage, the complete oblivion, of intoxication. I felt myself getting gradually but hopelessly drunk. I struggled against the feeling, but in vain; the house went round and round with me; my speech, when I tried to speak, became thick; the flags of the pavement flew up and struck me violently on the forehead, and I became unconscious of what happened afterwards.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

MY FIRST CLIENT

BY ANGELO J. LEWIS.

I had been called to the bar not quite a year, and was seated with my friend Frank Armitage in our chambers in the Temple. Frank had been called on the same day as myself, and we had agreed to make our professional start together. To that end we had become the possessors of a set of chambers at No. 89 Fig-tree Court, and a boy named Blobbs, who was known as our 'clerk,' though his tender years and seedy garments made the dignified appellation sound almost ironical. His style of dress was peculiar, and gave one the idea that he had several brothers of various sizes, and had borrowed an article of apparel from each—his boots belonging to the eldest, and his trousers to the youngest. There were sundry other boys on our stair-case, with whom Blobbs was constantly having little differences, and fighting them out upon the landing; indeed this, with occasional expeditions to Prosser's for commissariat purposes, formed the staple of his professional occupations. When he first undertook his duties, we had started him with a pint bottle of ink, a ream of draft paper, and a gross of pens; and we had enjoined him to employ all his leisure time in copying precedents. He began with great vigor, and copied about a page and a half, in a large schoolboy hand, the first morning, but he never got any farther. The ream of paper dwindled somehow, and the ink disappeared to an extent which even the numerous little black devils, with which Blobbs had embellished his domain, failed to account for, until one morning I detected him in the act of blacking his boots with it, and polishing them with the pen-wiper. Still, as boys go, Blobbs was not a *very* bad specimen; and as we really had no work for him to do, we were not disposed to be extremely angry with him for not doing it.

Fortunately both Armitage and myself were both to a considerable extent independent of our profession, for, to all appearance, our profession was quite independent of us. We had been called, as I have mentioned, very nearly a year, and neither of us had yet been favored with a brief; nor did there appear to be any particular likelihood that we ever should. We had a friend, Charley Larcombe, who had recently been articled to a solicitor, and who had promised that when he was out of his articles (which would be in about four years), and had passed his examination (which might be forty), he would "give us a lift." This rather vague prospect really appeared to be our only chance; but with the natural sanguineness of youth, we still looked for briefs, though we had not the faintest notion where they were to come from. In truth, in the *very* early days of our professional career (when we had only been barristers for a week or two) we used to watch with anxious solicitude any person of legal aspect who was seen to cross the court in the direction of our staircase; but we found that the persons of legal aspect invariably stopped short at the chambers of Cocksure, Q. C., which were immediately below ours, and the approach of a stranger had now ceased to excite more than a casual interest. Our personal habits, too, had degenerated. At the outset of our career we had unanimously agreed that everything of an unprofessional character in our belongings should be rigidly tabooed. In particular we had decided that our breakfast should always be over, and its remains cleared away, before nine A. M., and that smoking should not on any account be permitted in the room destined for the reception of clients. In accordance with these virtuous resolves, we were (or I should rather say we had been) always to be found by half-past nine, each seated in the rigidest of arm-chairs, wearing the blackest of frock-coats and the stiffest of shirt-collars, attentively perusing ponderous law-books, and making copious notes with the assistance of a gigantic pewter ink-stand, polished to a positively dazzling brightness. But this halcyon state of affairs was too good to last. We had screwed up our virtuous resolves to too extreme a tension, and they had gradually sunk down again. Who was the first to give way is a moot point. My own idea is that all would have gone well had not Armitage insidiously suggested our allowing ourselves just one cigarette after breakfast; while he will have it that the thin end of the wedge was introduced by my surreptitiously reading an occasional French novel under cover of *Coke on Littleton*. However this may be, we had speedily fallen away from our original high standard. Not having been troubled with that frantic rush of clients which we had originally expected, we had become much less particular in our habits. The large law-books were left unopened, the hour of breakfast had become gradually later and later, and short pipes and tweed jackets had become the order of the day until luncheon, and sometimes, I fear, even till dinner-time. In our earlier days we had made it a point of honor that one or other of us should always remain in chambers, so as to be ready for anything that might turn up; but now we made nothing of putting up the delusive notice, "Return in five minutes," and departing for the rest of the day. In order, however, to keep up the pleasant fiction that we still expected to have clients some day, we had made a bet. Each of us had backed himself for five pounds to get the first brief, with the proviso that (if ever the bet should be decided) the winner was to stand a dinner to the loser, in order to commemorate the event. Imagine our emotion, therefore, when, on the morning of my story, soon after ten, a heavy step was heard to ascend the staircase, and pause at our door, and when Blobbs (who had been, according to his usual habit, settling a little difficulty with Cocksure's boy upon the landing) rushed in, and in a hoarse whisper, said, frantic with excitement:

"A gentleman for Mister Browne. And he's got a bundle o' papers!"

I must say Armitage's behavior did him credit. My landing the first prize must naturally have been a disappointment to him; but in the most magnanimous way, he exclaimed:

"Good for you, old man! Go in and win. I'll hook it into the next room, and leave the coast clear for you."

And he bolted accordingly into his bedroom. I would have given much to have been able to assume a more dignified attire, and to straighten things generally, before the entrance of my client, but it was out of the question. I had only just time to pitch the end of my cigar in the fire, open one of the big law-books (upside down, as I afterwards discovered), and to compose my features into the most professional expression compatible with a flannel jacket and carpet slippers, when the visitor entered. He was a short puffy little man, middle-aged, and of a good-naturedly unintellectual cast of countenance. He wore a shabby white hat and greasy black gloves, and his trousers were shorter and his umbrella fatter than is generally considered desirable in those articles; but, notwithstanding, there was an air of snug respectability about him, and the bundle of papers, tied with red tape, which he carried, had an eminently business-like appearance. He began:

"I must apologize for disturbing you at this early hour, Mr. Browne" (he was evidently not a practitioner); "but the fact is, I have come to beg your assistance in a very urgent case."

I tried to look as if very urgent cases were matters of the most ordinary occurrences in my professional experience. "Ah," I said, "quite so. Take a seat, Mr.——"

"Ward, sir; Gibbins & Ward, of High street, Bloomsbury. You have heard the name, I daresay. Gibbins is dead—has been dead some years, in fact; but we keep up the old name, you know."

I didn't know in the least. I had never to my knowledge heard of Gibbins & Ward, but it would not do to admit the fact. Not to know Gibbins & Ward would clearly be to argue myself unknown. I took my cue accordingly.

"Oh, yes; Gibbins & Ward, a most eminent firm! I am delighted to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance, Mr. Ward."

"You are very kind, sir. Well, sir, as I was saying, or rather as I was about to say, I have become connected with a case, a very peculiar case—indeed, a most peculiar case; and hearing of you from my old friend, Mr. Wiggins, I thought that, though I'm a stranger to you myself, I might venture to call and ask you to assist me in it."

"Dear me," I thought, "whoever would have thought of old Wiggins (my hair-dresser) sending me a client!" And on the principle that one good turn deserves another, I mentally resolved to go and have my hair cut the very next day. I replied:

"I shall be very happy, Mr. Ward. Have you the particulars in writing?"

"Well, not exactly," said Mr. Ward, depositing his bundle of papers in his hat. "I have a few rough memoranda; but I'll tell you in half a dozen words the state of the case. The party I represent is a Mrs. Podgers; and I think you'll agree with me that she has been very badly used. The fact is, she was the daughter of an old fellow named Glubb, in the oil-and-color trade, a man reputed to be worth a mint of money. When she married Podgers, who was a pork-butcher in a small way of business, Podgers naturally wanted to know what the old man would do for them. A little ready money would have been very acceptable; and as they knew that Susan (that's Mrs. Podgers) was the only daughter, and would come in for all the old man's money at his death, they didn't see why he shouldn't give 'em a little at once, on account like. But old Glubb wasn't to be had in that way. "No," he says; "if you marry Susan, when I die you'll have all I've got, which may be but ten thousand or it may be twenty; but I'm not agoing to undress before I go to bed, as the saying is!" So upon that, and quite relying that the old gentleman would keep his word, Podgers goes and marries. They all knew the old man couldn't last very long, so on the strength of his expectations, Podgers puts in a new shop-window, and starts a pony-trap. Trade was bad, and Podgers found himself outrunning the constable a bit; but he didn't mind, feeling sure it would be all right when the old man went off the books."

I began to see my way. Podgers had married on the strength of the old gentleman's promise, and the old gentleman had subsequently changed his mind. Here was an opportunity of impressing Mr. Ward with my legal acumen.

"Excuse my interrupting you one moment, Mr. Ward;" and I rang the bell. Blobbs entered. "Blobbs, give me *Chitty on Contracts*, and then go and ask Mr. Cocksure's clerk to oblige with the loan of the sixth volume of *Meeson and Welsby*. I think I can give you a case just in point, Mr. Ward." Blobbs handed me *Chitty on Contracts*, which in point of fact was on the mantel-piece immediately behind me, and departed to execute the remainder of my order. I referred to the index, murmuring audibly, '*Consideration—good—valuable—marriage*—page 18.' Then turned to the passage, and silently perused it with much attention. "Ah, yes, I thought so!"

Blobbs here returned with the borrowed volume, in which, with an air of deep reflection, I turned to an imaginary authority. "No, that won't do. I had forgotten for the moment, that that case was over-ruled by *Jones v. Robinson*. Pray, proceed, Mr. Ward."

Mr. Ward had more than once attempted to continue his story, but, with a gentle wave of the hand, I had courteously yet firmly deprecated interruption. He resumed apologetically.

"I'm afraid I'm giving you a deal of trouble, Mr. Browne."

"Not at all, Mr. Ward, I assure you. I always like to make sure, from the outset, as to the broad principles applicable."

"Quite so, sir; very true. But I am afraid there is a little misunderstanding."

"I think not. I have followed you with great attention. *A* marries *B*'s daughter *C*, on the faith of an undertaking by *B* that he will, on his death, leave C the whole of his property; B (that's Glubb, you know) dies, and he doesn't leave the property to C (that's Mrs. Podgers), but to somebody else. Isn't that your case?" And I leant back in my chair and eyed him with a deny-that-if-you-can sort of expression.

"Just exactly so, sir. If you'd been one of the family yourself you couldn't have got it more pat. They all went on as comfortable as possible till one Sunday the old gentleman dined with the Podgerses, and he found a caterpillar in the vegetables. He would have it they did it on purpose. He went home at once, tore up his will, and made another, leaving every penny of his money to the Asylum for Incurable Clearstarchers. The excitement brought on an apoplectic fit, and he died the very same night. Personalty sworn under 25,000l.; and Podgers all but in the *Gazette*.

I began to fear that the case would prove to be a Chancery matter, and that my share in it would be limited to giving Mr. Ward an elaborate opinion to that effect. But it clearly would not do to make any suggestion of the kind at the present stage of the proceedings.

"Ah, just as I thought, you see." I tried to look as if I had anticipated every detail of the case, even to the caterpillar. "Well, now the question is, what evidence have we, first, of a distinct agreement on the part of B (otherwise Glubb) to leave all his property to his daughter, and, secondly, that A (otherwise Podgers) married on the faith of that promise. You hear what Chitty says: 'A valuable consideration is such as money, marriage, or the like, which the law esteems an equivalent given for the grant, and is therefore founded on motives of justice.' That's the law; but how about the facts. Mere assertion won't do, you know; we must have evidence."

"Well, as to evidence, I'm afraid there isn't much in a legal sense. Mr. Cocksure has advised upon the case, and he says that we haven't any evidence; in fact, that we haven't a leg to stand upon."

It was flattering, and, at the same time, a little alarming, to be consulted in a case in which Mr. Cocksure had already expressed an adverse opinion. If Mr. Cocksure was timid I had better be at least cautious.

"You will have uphill work before you, I'm afraid, and I should recommend you, Mr. Ward, as a man of business (this is, of course, between ourselves), to see your way very clear as to your costs out of pocket. The incurable Clearstarchers will fight hard, sir, you may depend on it."

"O, dear, yes, sir; no doubt they would. But we've quite made up our minds not to go to law about the matter. It would only be throwing good money after bad; leastways it would if he had any to throw; but we haven't. Podgers ran away to America last Monday; and his poor wife and five young children are this moment living in a two-pair back in Camen Town, sustaining a miserable existence on the scanty remains of the stock-in-trade."

A horrible misgiving crossed my mind, and I shut up Chitty.

"I thought—I mean to say I supposed—I really don't quite see, then, in what way I can be of service in the case, Mr. Ward."

"Well, you see, sir, Mr. Wiggins told me as you was an uncommon kind-hearted gentlemen, so I made bold to call and ask if you wouldn't put down your name for a trifle for the widow and orphans—not that Mrs. P. is precisely a widow, nor yet the children exactly orphans; but rather worse if anything, in my opinion, and another expected almost immediately, sir."

I was fairly caught. Not for worlds would I have let Mr. Ward know that I had been laboring under a misapprehension, and had been mentally welcoming him as my first client. On the other hand, after the extreme interest I had exhibited in the case, I could not do less than give him a handsome donation. Smiling amiably, but inwardly breathing the most awful imprecations against Wiggins (and very nearly vowing, on the spur of the moment, never to have my hair cut again as long as I lived), I expressed my extreme gratification at having the opportunity of contributing a sovereign to the necessities of the Podgers family. Mr. Ward beamed with delight, and pressed on my acceptance his card, assuring me that, if I should at any time require anything in his line, it would be his most earnest endeavor—these words, however, he apparently spelled with an *h*—to give me satisfaction. He insisted on shaking hands at parting, and appeared to find considerable difficulty in tearing himself away. At last, however, he departed, leaving me still holding his card, whereon I read:

GIBBINS & WARD,
Greengrocers,
195 HIGH STREET,
BLOOMSBURY.
Evening parties attended.

My one absorbing thought, as soon as I could think at all, was how on earth to conceal the facts from Armitage—what possible fiction to invent which should save my dignity from the exposure of the horrible truth. What dreadful falsehood I might ultimately

WATER LILIES.

BY OLIVE BELL.

O, lilies, asleep on the lake's sapphire bosom
Uplift your pure faces, from emerald nests;
Unfold spotless petals, that each a bloom's blossom
May imprison the glow that gold-tips the crests
Of mountains whose rugged sides glisten with boulders,
Heights crowned with huge oaks, like sentinel soldiers,
Whose gray, barren bleakness frown down on thy face,
As if grudging thy blooms their fair resting-place.

Fair lilies, whose vestal-like buds open slowly,
In cloisters of fibre and green-clinging moss,
Thy humbleness typifies souls meek and lowly
That patiently suffer 'neath many a cross,
Who from childhood to manhood outstretch weary hands
To the sunshine that brightens Hope's far-distant lands,
And uplift pallid faces, when the western hills shine
With the deep, vivid splendor of rare ruby wine.

Ah! lilies, the crests of the hoary old mountains
Turn crimson with shame, as you modestly raise
Your stainless white brows from the lake's placid fountains,
While sunbeams creep down thro' a mystical maze
Of reeds, that rear chapels of dim solemn beauty,
Where vestals might murmur of Love's sinless duty,
Or of souls, like thy blossoms, that creep to the sun,
When the labors of life have been steadfastly done.

My beautiful lilies! what lessons you teach!
As you dreamily float on the lake's sapphire bosom!
A world of white wonder in the chalice of each,
Heaven's mystical glow on each delicate blossom.
This desolate spot you enchant with your bloom,
Like beacons of hope seen thro' night's purple gloom,
As you lift your pale brows to the calm summer sky
Unseen and unnoticed, save by God's loving eye.

* * *

RIGHT AT LAST.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

I didn't like it! As I was figuratively as well as literally, the antipodes of the Turks in everything except my passion for a good meerschaum, I may say emphatically that I *did not like it*. It was not the sort of aversion that some unknown individual has expressed for that unfortunate personage "Dr. Fell." I know *why* I object to it; and I leave it to any man in his right senses, to say, if, understanding no more of the affair than I did, he would not have entered the like, or even a more violent protest.

I was engaged to be married to Nora Whitfield. Nora was not beautiful, according to the world's dispassionate criticism, I knew, but she was so in my eyes, and that was all that was necessary to secure her a faithful lover. She was the sort of girl, too, that under ordinary circumstances, as maid or wife, a man might have trusted implicitly. I had been reared in no school of skeptics, so far as women folks are concerned; and as I have said, I was *not* ordinarily zealous; but, hang it, a fellow can't be supposed to stand everything. It still seems to me that she ought to have known appearances were confoundedly against her.

I take a jury of twelve men—courting young men, with a man's heart in their bosoms, neither unhealthily inflamed by passions, nor gangrened by jealousy, and put the case to them;—if they would like to see a fellow—with more worldly advantages than they can ever hope to have—handsomer, more accomplished, more fascinating, according to woman's whimsical judgment, as they are forced, unamiably enough, to confess—always getting the inside track between them and their sweetheart; taking occasion twenty times in an evening, to be whispering into her ear when they would like to be doing it themselves, only they havn't the courage—writing on a slip of paper and handing it to her before their very noses; getting some one to make an infernal noise on the piano, of which he and she evidently do not hear a single note, any more than the unfortunate jurymen aforesaid, with their auricular organs quicked to the highest point, can catch one syllable of his and her softly modulated voices, calling her to the portico to look at a "passing cloud," when the misty leaden nebulæ are as impenetrable as a canopy of tent cloth; or failing in these, which his cool impudence is not apt to let him do; slipping a note into her hands, when they are near enough to look over her shoulder and read it with her, if they were not blinded by ill-suppressed indignation, with a thousand other liberties of the kind, which would set their hearts to beating like an unmuffled drum, if *they* were allowed to take them; and I'll wager my professional reputation, their verdict of direct condemnation would be unanimous.

Yet, this was the dance Nora Whitfield led me. And why I didn't openly challenge Bob Acres, or assassinate him, or do something desperate, I am at a loss to this day to determine. I am sure I suffered enough to do either, or both, and finish the crime by suicide, only I didn't.

Bob was handsome; nay, that isn't the word for it; he was dashing, witty, brilliant, beautiful—a perfect Adonis or Appollo, or some such fabled exquisite, confound him! While I, Theodore Wood, was but a respectable looking fellow, not above mediocrity in anything, unless in the long line of old English ancestry that made me rather proud of my blood.

It is true I had inherited but a competency from my father, and at the early age of twenty-five, I had doubled my patrimony; while spendthrift Bob Acres, but two years my senior, had well nigh run through an immense fortune; but, lord! when was a woman ever known—if you can but touch her heart, to regard such things as that? Nine tenths of the silly creatures, unless they have the modern, culpable mania of "marrying for money," will throw overboard a hundred "safe chances" for one of your fast, rattle-brain, devil-may-care sort of fellows. Let such an one get up the reputation of a "ne'er-do-well" with the old folks, and take my word for it, his progress in female society, unless big brothers or papas put a stop to it, is one triumphal march.

That was exactly Bob's position when he came to the neighborhood in which I lived. He had been to Europe—in Germany I think—to school; he had been to Asia to see the women of Circassia and Georgia; had gone to Egypt to have the Pyramids to talk about; and had lingered a year or two in Paris; because that gay Godless city had possessed untold attractions for such a nature as his. But when Bob's relations had about given him up, as doomed to inevitable destruction, he suddenly threw off his bad habits, like an old garment, in which he had seen fit to masquerade for a time, and came home, seemingly as fresh as though none of the defilements of earth had ever clung about him; and with just enough "deviltry" left, to be eternally relating the pleasing side of adventures, that had all their loathsomeness carefully disguised, until he made himself a *fair-faced* Othello to every woman whom he chose to regard as a Desdemona.

Why Nora Whitfield should have taken, like hot cakes with him, I couldn't see; but she did; as it soon became evident to any one who chose to notice the way matters were going. About the only piece of real estate remaining to Bob, was an old plantation, unfortunately adjoining my own; between me and Mr. Whitfield; and just when every one was expecting the graceless owner of "Rock Castle" to sell out voluntarily, or by the forced action of a Sheriff, Robert Acres appeared in our midst, declaring his determination to pursue the peaceful and honorable avocation of a farmer, henceforth. The old people shook their heads with a sort of augury that boded no better luck to this, than to any of his other less plausible schemes; but when Bob walked up the aisle of our country church on the Sunday after his arrival, with uncovered head, erect figure and measured pace, the eyes of half the women in the congregation were cast furtively upon him; and the exquisite scape-grace knew, though he affected to be so unconscious, that he was creating a sensation which only the Grand Duke Alexis has awakened at a later day in another sphere.

There was profound reverence in his deportment during service; and when he moved gracefully along with the dispersing crowd, other young men, who had fancied themselves well dressed, in the morning, drew back in shame-faced confusion, feeling that their attire could not stand comparison with the true Parisian cut and magic finish of his. His reputation as a heartless gallant, too, would have caused any anxious mother to view him with disfavor; but Bob either was, or affected to be, entirely ignorant of these things; and the modest ease with which he saluted such of them as he remembered to have seen when he was a small boy, was really amusing to any one not immediately concerned, as I had no reason to suppose myself to be at the time. He shook hands with cold, formal Mr. Whitfield, as though the one wish of his life, in all the years of his absence, had been to get back to him, and him alone—greeted Mrs. Whitfield with the chivalrous courtesy of a knight of the olden time; and spoke to Nora with just the ease, confound him, as though he had danced half the evening before with her, and had seen her at least three times a week for the past twelve months, when, in reality they had not met since they were respectively twelve and eight years of age; and had been termed by their parents, "little sweethearts to each other." I smiled complacently, to think how heavily Mr. Whitfield would frown at the barest supposition of such a relationship for them now or in the future; and was thus consoled for the momentary annoyance I had experienced, when Nora turned her pretty brown eyes up to his handsome face.

"Except that I find you a queenly woman, instead of a fairy child, you have not changed at all," said Bob, easily, "and honestly, I had scarcely caught sight of you, when I felt the inexplicable charm of your influence returning upon me."

"And you," replied Nora, without appearing the least offended at such open flattery, "You are not at all like you used to be. I should never have known you." And there was a yet more objectionable element in the expression than in the words, as though she meant to imply a great improvement on his part, when he knew he had always been famous for his beauty.

Then they fell to talking with an ease that made me horribly serious, chatting incessantly as he walked on her left hand to the carriage, while I obstinately kept my place on the right, and observed with pleasure that a half frown had gathered on Mrs. Whitfield's brow. Of course no one had ever laid anything seriously to the charge of Bob's honor, and she could not avoid asking him to see her as they drove off. But anyone with half an eye could have perceived that it was for form's sake, and that she would even wish him to regard it in that light. Bob Acres, however, must have been the most unsuspicious of mortals, for on going over that evening, as I usually did, on a Sunday afternoon, who should I find but Bob, as big as life, laying himself out generally, as though he had been the patron of the whole family from time immemorial.

It was in vain for Mrs. Whitfield to look grave, or for Mr. Whitfield to frown. They began with a half-suppressed laugh at his jokes, and gave over at last with genuine merriment. As for Nora, they seemed to fall into the old understanding, without any renewed conditions. I had never seen anything like it. She was far easier with him in a couple of hours than she was with me, though we had been engaged for a whole year. And while I sat wondering where he got all his assurance from, I started guiltily, as if he were answering my thoughts, when he said in reply to some remark of hers, "In Paris," and, turning to me, asked:

"Theodore, old fellow, were you ever in Paris?" And when I replied, somewhat formally, that "my means had never justified me in the indulgence of foreign travel and dissipations," he answered with the most provoking good nature: "Ah! you will some day, and you have a great treat before you," and went on monopolizing Nora as before.

"Mr. Acres will be quite a lion with you ladies," I said, desperately, to Alice Harrison, a cousin of Nora's, whom I was thus left to entertain in spite of myself.

"He is so tired of being lionized that he would readily dispense with that role, I think, or turn it over to some ambitious tyro," she replied, with a smile of amusement at my evident predisposition to dislike him. "He looks as if he had come with a determination to amuse himself, and our neighborhood is dull enough to catch a little inspiration in that line from him, and be improved."

"You have met him abroad, I think," said I, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"Yes," she returned. "I saw him frequently when I was with papa in Italy."

"He was rather a gay bird abroad, I fancy," said I, trying to speak as indifferently as I could.

"So report said of him," she replied. "He appeared to me about the same there as here."

"He at least has not been so forgetful of old associations but that he brings back with him a very lively appreciation of the friends of his childhood," I resumed.

"Of Nora, especially," she answered with a provoking smile. "He remembered her perfectly, though they had not met for so long."

"I do not wonder at that," I replied, "for, as she says, she has changed very little. He, too, is much the same, outwardly."

"I never saw him when he and Nora were youthful lovers," she said in a tone that vexed me; for it implied that they were quite old lovers now. Was it possible that she was ignorant of the relations existing between Nora and myself. I scrutinized her face narrowly, but there was no mischievous twinkle, no half-latent merriment to indicate any purpose of vexing me. Perhaps Nora had considered her engagement with me a sort of quasi understanding, such as young women frequently enter into now-a-days—that is, a mental reservation on her part that she would take me if she failed to get any one she liked better. Not a flattering impression this, to take possession of a man who is not without his little personal vanities too.

I may have been over-modest in the beginning of this sketch in the comparison, or rather the *contrast*, drawn between Bob and myself. I may have seen something less of the world, but my family was a match for his any day. I was esteemed more than passably good looking, with due allowances for friendly flattery. I was a young lawyer of rising reputation, consulted even by Bob on some matters relating to his effects, and I decided, with some anger, that I was not a person to be trifled with. I rode home, however, in no very good humor with myself or the world, and, feeling still piqued, I did not return to Mr. Whitfield's until Thursday. I found that Bob had called again on Wednesday.

"If our new neighbor could make as favorable an impression upon the men as he does on all the ladies, what a famous personage he would become," I remarked, in speaking of him.

"If he would only take the trouble, I am sure he could," replied Nora, with enthusiasm. "I don't see how anyone can help liking him."

"The danger is in liking him too much," said Mrs. Whitfield, dryly. "There is a false glitter about all artificial virtues, that is apt to blind the unwary to the underlying, and, consequently, less perspicuous claims of real worth. I could not, perhaps, select a more amusing companion for Mr. Whitfield and myself than Robert Acres; but, on the other hand I could not shield you or Alice from a more dangerous one, if your affections were not otherwise engaged. Promises of amendment are not to be trusted, for as the shrub is bent the tree is apt to grow."

"Take it while it is a shrub, and some friendly hand might bind it back to its normal, upright position," said Nora resolutely. "He has announced his determination to become a useful, as well as an ornamental, member of society, and I believe he has character enough to do it."

The subject was here dropped, but I saw that the mother looked displeased, and I was not surprised to find some additional reserve in her manner when I again met Bob at her house.

He was, however, singularly unconscious of anything amiss, and continued to play the agreeable with the most charming innocence imaginable.

There was no use attempting to say anything after that. Whenever he came, which was often enough, heaven knows, he kept his place at Nora's side, in spite of all our manœuvres.

There was Alice Harrison, I thought—certainly a much prettier, more showy and dashy sort of girl than Nora, with the prospect of a fortune, too—why on earth couldn't he talk to her sometimes, instead of leaving her always to me? She was the very sort of a woman I should have selected for him, with the charm of foreign education and manners, which he could so well appreciate. But no. *Nora* was the only one of whose presence he seemed to be at all conscious, confound him! At first I had to endure it all in silence, for she was one of those women the very boldest of men would scarcely dare to tax with a thought of infidelity—a person of gentle yet queenly dignity, and apparently of the most unchanging opinions. I shall never forget the look she gave me when I first ventured to hint that I believed her feelings for me had undergone a change.

"You can bring about such a change very easily, sir, if you desire it," she said, drawing herself up, and I was at her feet in the next instant. When I managed to tell her that I was jealous of Bob, she grew so angry in a moment that I never dared to broach the subject afterwards, through all the tortures I endured. The topic was dismissed after some time with a very constrained laugh, as I afterwards remembered, on her part. But as Bob was not there, we had a very long talk, which resulted in my urging her to fulfil an old promise of marrying me ere the summer was ended, and she named the day.

If I was happy the rest of that evening, the old disquiet returned the next time I saw her with Bob. He sat whispering to her for an hour, and I distinctly saw him slip a note into her hand on leaving. I followed him out with the serious intention of attempting to thrash him on our way home, but he had galloped ahead, and I could not overtake him.

Mentioning the fact to Nora the next time we chanced to be alone, she again grew white with anger, and declared that our understanding would be forever at an end on the very next hint from me of such a suspicion.

After that my life was one of torture despite the fact that our wedding day was rapidly approaching. Loving Nora as I did, I could not believe in her. One evening we had been discussing our bridal tour, and when I asked her about the number of attendants who would accompany us, she told me to my surprise that Alice Harrison would not go. "Her uncle Conway Harrison had brought his daughter to Mr. Whitfield's from Europe, at the beginning of the season, with the promise from Mr. Whitfield that Alice was never to leave his house unless under his protection, until his own (Harrison's) return from France, to which he had gone for some months on urgent business." I expressed some surprise at so positive an injunction, but as I saw that Nora grew reserved I dropped the subject. It was just a week before the evening appointed for my marriage that I walked through the fields after tea, and approaching Mr. Whitfield's yard by a side gate, came suddenly upon two persons walking up and down in the moonlight before the door. Bob's voice fell on my ear, and I had no need to pause to see who the other was.

"Yes, I am sure we can manage to get off best on the very night fixed for your marriage with Wood," I heard him say distinctly. "They will have that altogether in their minds, and will think any little delay natural."

I went on to the porch with my brain all in a tumultuous whirl. What did he mean. Had they basely determined to elope on the very night fixed for her marriage with me, or had they seen me as I came up, and mischievously determined to try me with such a random shaft? I had no means, of course, of determining.

I found Mrs. Whitfield and Miss Alice sitting on the portico, and they greeted me naturally enough, but of course *they* knew nothing. Nora and Bob came in a moment after. Nora looked a little surprised, and blushed on seeing me; and Bob, confound his impudence, shook hands with me, as though I were the dearest friend he had on earth. I tried to appear as unsuspicious as possible, that his own guilty conscience, if he were not incapable of feeling, might pain him yet the more from a comparison, but I am sure I must have appeared singular, and unnatural too.

Somebody was talking of the affair, when I asked, with a constrained laugh, "Suppose, after all, there should be no marriage?"

"You don't intend to run off in the meantime, do you?" asked Miss Alice, looking into my face with unusual surprise.

"Oh, no!" I replied, "but I am not the only person necessary to the completion of the arrangement."

"Nora is getting a little nervous, but I don't know that she intends to abscond, or take the veil, as I have thought of doing," she answered with a laugh. Nora had slipped from the room a while before. When we were left alone at a late hour, I did not dare to tell her what I had overheard. I could not command myself sufficiently, and my supremest comfort during the walk home was, I am sure, that I should know which she preferred in one week.

I saw her once more for half an hour, but I don't think I said anything rational at all to her. The nearer the time approached, the more firmly did the idea take possession of me, that she was using me as an instrument to shield herself from the watchfulness of her parents, and that she designed deceiving me at the last moment.

I never shall know how I got through the appointed day. I felt like I had been making an idiot of myself when I obtained my license, but I took the piece of paper from the clerk with the conviction that I should never have any use for it, and went home. I would not see any of my friends, and it was really late when I began to prepare my toilet. At last my servant knocked at the door, and told me the carriage was waiting.

I threw myself back on the seat while he strapped my baggage, and as it was getting late, I requested him to drive rapidly.

We were on the high road, when I heard the sound of horses hoofs, rapidly approaching, and looked out. "It is Mr. Acres' team, sir," said the driver, lazily. At that moment a double buggy dashed past me in the moonlight, and, by heavens! Bob was in it, lashing them on like fury, with a woman at his side. The "lightning" express train would pass the depot, a mile distant, in fifteen minutes.

"Stop! stop!" I cried, frantically, to my driver. "Follow them, John! Back for dear life, and you shall be richly rewarded."

"Isn't it time you was goin' another way, sir?" asked John, astonished.

"There is no need to go another way. We must overtake them," I shrieked, frantically. My horses were turned, and we sped on the dry, hard road, as fast as their feet could carry them. I was not at all surprised, but with the great agony that took possession of me, came a fierce thirst for revenge.

I would fell him to the earth at the depot, with the first thing I could seize, and would at least take *her* back home. I closed my eyes, with a feeling as if I were going mad, until the carriage halted. The train had paused for one brief minute. As I jumped out I saw a man and woman step from the platform to the coach, and it sped on and out of sight in a breath. There was Bob's buggy and horses, but no one had charge of them. He had driven himself, and in his usual style had left them to get back, be destroyed or stolen, as chance might decree.

I stood for a moment like one in a trance and at length returned to my own conveyance. I gave the order for a return to my own home, but as we drove on more leisurely, I concluded it might be my duty to present myself to Mr. Whitfield, and that I might not be the worse for some explanation and sympathy from his wife and Miss Alice. As I drove up several fellows met me at the gate.

"Is it you at last, Wood? Why on earth are you so late?"

"I shall be time enough, I dare say," I answered brokenly.

"Hist, man," some one whispered, "here is young John Whitfield. The bride has fainted under the impression that something had happened to you." I rushed into the house, and there was Nora in her bridal robes, beautifully pale with anxiety, as I entered, and in another moment suffused with blushes.

"How is it?" I exclaimed. "Oh, Nora, I have been so miserable, under the conviction that you were gone."

"Hush!" she whispered, as we heard some one approaching. "It is Alice Harrison. Her father brought her here, under the impression that Bob was ignorant of her whereabouts, and that he would never take the trouble to follow her so persistently. I have been in their confidence from the first, and have kept up a delusion, that has given you even more pain than it has done my dear mother, I see. But I am scarcely sorry for *you*, you deserve it for your unworthy suspicions of me."

I should most undoubtedly have taken her to my heart then and there, but for the crowd that instantly gathered about us. I should have embraced Bob, if he had been there, dear, clever Bob! but he was not, and his absence, together with that of Miss Harrison, was now discovered and understood. The anger of Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield was scarcely restrained by the goodly company and the marriage of their daughter.

"The impudent fellow, to take her in the teeth of all opposition!" they exclaimed. "Just when her father would have relieved us of all responsibility in a week or two!"

Ah! Bob, there was the secret of the whole matter! But no one has ever had cause to regret the runaway match, either. Bob is still an exemplary citizen and neighbor, and even his father-in-law and Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield are thoroughly persuaded of his amendment. He has had many a laugh over my revengeful pursuit of him to the depot.

* * *

OLD MARGERY'S PROPHECY.

"I don't want to hear a word of your nonsense," said Frederica Lovel, drawing her pretty, slight figure up to its full height, to old Margery Lane, who foretold that she should stand face to face with death before the stars came out that night. Frederica was proud, and always treated the poor haughtily and unkindly.

That afternoon, Frederica took her friend Mary White off to a wild spot, to sketch, instead of waiting to welcome her lover, Charles Holden, who was coming to see the seaside that evening.

It *was* a wild and lonely spot, shut in by a cavernous canopy of gray, solemn-cliffed rocks, made musical by the rush and roar of contending tides—so isolated and grand that Mary White almost shuddered as she stood within its solemn sanctuary.

"Oh, Freddie, ain't you afraid?"

Miss Lovel, bright and fearless as a Naiad, glanced up from her seat on the projecting rock.

"Afraid! And of what?"

And Mary White was ashamed to say more.

The girls, getting engaged in their sketching, soon forgot all the external surroundings of Nature, and it was not until the sun, coyly hiding away behind red and golden bars of cloud, withdrew the radiant element of color from their models, that Mary White rose and shook out her draperies.

"Why, Freddie, it must be long past dinner time!"

"Of course it is," said Freddie mechanically. "Just one touch more. There! I really do think I have done a splendid afternoon's work!"

"But, Freddie,"—and Mary White drew nearer involuntarily to her companion,—"the water is running in front of the rocks."

"Nothing on earth but the tide," said Miss Lovel carelessly. "I'm not afraid of wetting the soles of my feet."

She rose, and advanced towards the door of the miniature cavern; yet even upon her dauntless cheek the roses grew pale as she comprehended the true horrors of their situation.

The waters, rising faster than she had deemed possible, had shut them in; their coffin a narrow bar of sand, walled by steep masses of rock; their sepulchre the thunderous billows, which broke with threatening sound against the feet of the ancient cliffs. Retreat was impossible; the water was already knee-deep over the path they must cross, and rising with fearful velocity, and the very nature of their retreat forbade all possibility of communication with the outer world!

Mary White clung, pale and tearful, to Frederica's arm.

"Freddie! Freddie!" she gasped breathlessly, "what shall we do?"

And Frederica gathered the slight, trembling creature to her breast, feeling that she was responsible for the early doom darkening over that bright young head. For in one instant it all came to her: the awful awaiting—the death, wrapping them round with gleaming chrysolite arms, the moment of mortal agony—the end of all! And Charles Holden—him whom she had evaded with such girlish coquetry, little thinking that she should never look upon him more!

"Mary," she whispered, "Mary, we can at least kneel down and pray. Oh, Mary, darling, God is as near to us here as if we lay among our soft pillows at home!"

As the two young girls sank down among the white, fringy creepings of the foam at their feet, Frederica's eyes, fixed wistfully upon the heavens, saw the silver lance of the Evening Star shining through the purple, far-off haze.

"Before the stars were thick in yonder heavens, she should stand face to face with death!" It all flashed over her memory now!

"Closer to me, Mary, closer, so: your arms about my neck, and your head upon my shoulder! You mustn't be afraid, dear Mary; it's just like falling asleep, I have heard a score of times!"

"Hark!" Mary raised her cold fingers. "I heard the sound of oars!"

"Darling, it is only the echo of the waves against the hollow rocks!"

"But a voice! Oh, I am sure I heard a voice!" wailed poor Mary.

"Nay, dearest," soothed Frederica, with her upturned face as pure and pale as an angel's own; "it could be no voice sounding from the confines of this world. I can't remember my prayers, Mary, darling; I can only say, Heaven be merciful to me, a sinner! Oh, Mary, say the same!"

And when the little boat, with old Margery Lane sitting at the helm, and her swart-browed son pulling lustily at the oars, came rocking around the curve, the two girls were past all consciousness, still clinging to the highest spot, where the salt spray had begun to sprinkle their white faces, as it broke!

Saved—saved at last! Half an hour—nay, fifteen minutes more, and it would have been too late! Old Margery, the unconscious instrument of their rescue, had been just in time. And the first face that Frederica Lovel saw, as her soul drifted back on the boundless shores of life, was that of the old fortune-teller.

"Did not I say true?" crooned the old woman, half defiant, half caressing, as she met the gaze of Frederica's eyes. "You have stood face to face with Death, but he has not conquered your brave young life!"

And Frederica Lovel never again spoke a harsh word to the poor and desolate, whom Heaven has set in our pathway to prove and try us upon the journey that we all must tread. It might have been a prophecy—it might have been mere chance; but Frederica could not disregard the lesson she had learned.

* * *

THE ELECTRIC PIANO.

This was one of the curiosities at a late meeting of a Technological society in Paris, in which much interest was manifested. The music produced is brilliant and effective, is automatic, and entirely independent of the skill of the operator. On the interior of this instrument there is a series of electro-magnets, which act upon the ordinary hammers that strike the tones; these hammers communicate with the keyboard in the usual way, but in their opposite end they have small wooden rods terminating with armatures, which are attracted to the electro-magnets whenever they become active. The music to be performed is arranged on a continuous strip of paper, perforated with holes in such a way as to represent the different notes. This long strip, by means of clock-work, is rolled off from one cylinder to another, the two being separated by an intermediate cylinder of metal. There is also a small keyboard with small movable copper hammers, which is placed above the intermediate cylinder so that the small heads of the hammers rest upon the continuous strip of perforated paper. The battery is so arranged that one pole communicates with the small keyboard, and the other with the metallic roller. As the sheet of paper is rolled from one wooden cylinder to the other it passes on the metallic cylinder, and whenever a hole in the paper comes under the keyboard, the hammer makes contact, and a current passes through to the electro-magnet, which attracts the hammer, and the required note is then struck.

* * *

WOMAN.—So long as woman inspires love, she is not old. But what is it to be old? It does not depend upon the fact that we have existed during a certain mysterious number of years which have been allotted to each of us. To be old is to have no longer a beauty or charm. If a woman preserves the attractions of youth until she reaches the age of one hundred, she will be younger than the woman of twenty who wants them.

* * *

THE triumph of woman lies, not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

* * *

JOY is heightened by exultant strains of music, but grief is eased only by low ones. "A sweet, sad measure" is the balm of a wounded spirit. Music lightens toil. The sailor pulls more cheerily for his song.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to "Alphabetical," in your last issue, for a remedy for consumption in its first stages, I can recommend Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," if taken according to directions, for it has been thoroughly tried in my family, and the results were glorious. "Alphabetical" must not expect one bottle to do the work—my wife took three bottles before she could discover any change, but after the third bottle every dose seemed to strengthen the lungs, and now she is well and hearty. If "Alphabetical" will write to me I will get witnesses to the above.

HENRY H. M. PATTON.
Lawrence, Marion County, Ind.
—*Cincinnati Times*, Feb. 4, 1875.

* * *

A lady said to us the other day: "Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.) has saved my life. It has so lessened my labors when I have been worn out." Try it at once.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Instead of washing the hands with soap, employ oatmeal, and, after each washing, take a little dry oatmeal, and rub over the hands, so as to absorb any moisture.

TO RAISE A BLISTER SPEEDILY.—A piece of lint dipped into vinegar of cantharides, and immediately after its application to the skin, covered over with a piece of strapping to prevent evaporation.

SHAVING PASTE.—Spermaceti, almond oil, and white wax, of each, half an ounce; melt, and whilst warm, beat in four squares of Windsor soap, previously reduced to a paste with rose water.

TREACLE BEER.—Boil half a pound of hops with fourteen pounds of treacle, in thirty-six gallons of water, for one hour; then strain off the wort, and add, when nearly cold, half a pint of yeast; the next day it may be put into a cask or bottled.

FAMILY OIL.—Oil of sweet almonds, one gill; spermaceti, quarter of an ounce. Melt them together over the fire, first breaking the spermaceti into very small pieces. When cold, stir in a few drops of oil of bergamot, rubbed up with half a grain of civet.

GINGER BEER POWDERS.—Powdered white sugar, two drachms; powdered ginger, five grains; carbonate of soda, twenty-six grains; mix, and, wrap in blue paper. Tartaric acid, thirty grains; wrap in white paper. Dissolve each separately in half a glass of spring water; mix, and drink while in a state of effervescence.

TO PURIFY THE AIR OF A SICK CHAMBER.—Take six drachms of powdered nitre, and the same quantity of oil of vitriol; mix them together by adding to the nitre one drachm of the vitriol at a time; placing the vessel in which you are mixing it on a hot hearth, or plate of heated iron, stirring it with a glass rod, a tobacco pipe, &c. Then place the vessel in the contaminated room, moving it about to different parts of the room.

CHAMPAGNE CIDER.—Good pale vinous cider, one hogshead; proof spirits (pale), three gallons; sugar, fourteen pounds; mix, and let them remain together in a temperate situation for one month; then add orange-flower water, one quart, and fine it down with skimmed milk, half a gallon. This will be very pale, and a similar article, when bottled in champagne bottles, silvered and lettered, has been often sold to the ignorant for champagne. It opens very brisk if managed properly.

TO LOOSEN THE GLASS STOPPERS OF BOTTLES.—Put one or two drops of sweet oil round the stopper, close to the mouth of the bottle; then put it a little distance from the fire. When the decanter gets warm, have a woolen instrument with a cloth wrapped tight round it; then strike the stopper, first on one side, then on the other; by persevering a little while, you will most likely get it out. Or, you may lay the bottle in warm water, so that the neck of the stopper may be under water. Let it soak for a time, then knock it with a wooden instrument as before.

SOAP.—Hard soap is fitted for washing clothes with, and soft soap for floors. It is a good plan to soap your dirtiest clothes, and soak them over night in soft water. If you are at a loss to procure soft water for washing, fill a barrel half full of wood ashes, and fill it up with water, and you will have lye whenever you want it. A gallon of strong lye put into a great boiler of hard water will make it quite soft. Some use pearlash or potash; but either injures the texture of the cloth. If you have a strip of land, remember that ashes and suds are good manure for bushes and young plants.

TO PRESERVE CREAM FOR SEVERAL MONTHS.—Dissolve twelve ounces of white sugar in the smallest possible quantity of water, over a moderate fire. After the solution has taken place, the sugar ought to be boiled for about two minutes in an earthen vessel, when twelve ounces of new cream should be immediately added, and the whole thoroughly mixed while hot. Let it then gradually cool, and pour it into a bottle, which must be carefully corked. If kept in a cool place, and not exposed to the air, it may be preserved in a sweet state for several weeks, and even months; and as sugar is commonly wanted where there is occasion for cream, the cream is thus preserved without any sort of additional expense.

TO MAKE OIL-SKIN.—1. The manner of making oil-cloth is very simple. Place some good resin or gum-lac over the fire in drying linseed oil, till the resin is thoroughly dissolved, and the oil brought to the thickness of a balsam. Spread this upon canvas, or any other linen cloth, so as fully and entirely to glaze it over; suffer it to dry perfectly; and it will be found impenetrable to wet of every description. To give a color to this varnish, grind the blue, green, &c., with the last coat that you lay on. 2. A better method than the above is first to cover the canvas, &c., with a liquid paste, made with drying oil in the following manner: Take Spanish white or tobacco-pipe clay, which has been completely cleaned by washing and sifting it from all impurities, and mix it up with boiled oil, to which a drying quality has been given, by adding a dose of litharge one-fourth of the oil. This mixture, being brought to the consistence of thin paste, is spread over the cloth, &c., when the first coating is dry, a second is applied. The unevenness occasioned by the coarseness of the canvas, or the unequal distribution of the paste, are smoothed down with pumice-stone, reduced to powder, and rubbed over the canvas with a bit of soft serge or cork dipped in water. When the last coating is dry, the canvas must be well washed in water, to clean it; and when dry, a varnish composed of gum-lac dissolved in linseed-oil boiled with turpentine is applied and, the process is complete. The color of the varnished canvas thus produced is yellow.

* * *

IN most quarrels, there is a fault on both sides. Both flint and steel are necessary to the production of a spark; either of them may hammer on wood forever, and no fire will follow.

* * *

MANY a malignant old curmudgeon, merely to gratify his hatred of his natural heirs, has bequeathed his whole estate to some public institution, and thus immortalized himself for benevolence.

* * *

MISS AUSTIN wrote:—"Sentimentality that won't make you cry, sympathy that will never become painful, quick observation that will never ask really awkward questions—these are sufficient weapons wherewith to conquer this hard world."

* * *

THERE is nothing formidable about death except the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest is too short if does not.

* * *

The Wish to be Beautiful.—There never lived a woman who could truthfully say she did not care whether she was pretty or not. Every woman cares. The laws of her being render physical attractiveness as much a glory to her as strength is to a man. Now, one of the essential elements of beauty is a clear complexion, free from tan, spot, freckle or blemish, and this charm can be acquired by the use of DR. T. F. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. The mass of testimony establishing the rejuvenating properties of this famous preparation covers a period of many years, and includes the names of a large number of professional celebrities, among which are those of Parepa Rosa, Nilsson, Fanny Stockton, Mrs. Bowers, etc. The scientific indorsement of the article is equally comprehensive and emphatic. The Board of Health of New York, in condemning generally the cosmetics of the period as poisonous, specially exempted GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, and pronounced it harmless. For nearly thirty-five years DR. GOURAUD'S preparations, including LILY-WHITE and ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, for the cure of skin diseases, have taken precedence of all others, and the fashionable and scientific world unite in awarding to his ORIENTAL CREAM the superiority over every article of its class on either side of the Atlantic. Found at the Doctor's depot, 48 Bond Street, New York, and of druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4th A.D.
1821

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NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

Each number of the SATURDAY EVENING POST *is duly copyrighted, but all are welcome to freely republish any articles in its columns, provided that due credit be given to this paper.*

A NEW STORY!

In our issue of September 16, No. 8, of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, will be commenced a new and brilliant story,

"THE LILY OF ST. ERNE!"

by the popular AUTHOR of "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," &c.

This is a picturesque and fascinating story, rich in conception, and replete with graphic incidents, and cannot fail to interest all true lovers of classical fiction.

STEALING A RIDE.

If a poor unfortunate is detected in the act of stealing a ride on the railway cars, the train is stopped, and he is incontinently ejected, while the world looks on approvingly and shouts, "served him right."

Under ordinary circumstances, it is deemed vulgar and contemptible to steal a ride; not criminally deprecable, 'tis true; but, sufficiently unseemly to elicit general condemnation.

And yet, how many are there in the great world of reality who are stealing rides all life long! How many sons are riding into political prominence on the reputations of their fathers! How many merchants are riding into affluence on the counsel of friends and the co-operation of employes! How many writers are riding into celebrity on the brains of their prompters! How many generals are riding into glory on the heroism of their soldiers! How many clergymen are riding into fame on the caprice of their followers!

How many ladies are riding into social royalty on the skill of their dressmakers! How many thousands are riding grandly and proudly on the shattered hopes, the stolen charms, the plundered purses of other struggling hosts of humanity!

Ere we credit a man for what he pretends to be, let us ascertain what he is.

Ere we applaud the master strides of a favored statesman, let us know by what artifice he has vanquished opposition.

Ere we accept the dictation of a ruler, let us know by what right he assumes to govern.

Ere we bow at the shrine of a belle, let us know the essence of her beauty.

If a man would attain true eminence, let him depend upon his own resources, live with the age, and catch inspiration from the thoughts, the manners, and the aims of the greatest of earth's great heroes, the noblest of earth's noblemen.

THE RIGHT KIND OF SUCCESS.

It may be questioned whether there is any one of the principles or passions of our nature more deeply rooted, than the love of fame; the desire to occupy a place in the tablet of human remembrance. Through life it remains unsubdued, and even in death the ruling passion is in the ascendency. There is scarcely a man on the globe insensible to the awakening stimulus of distinction. Human nature has an abhorrence, instinctive and powerful, of the idea of being forgotten. This is so strong, that any notoriety, however disgraceful, is oft times preferred to unobtrusive, and, therefore, oblivious merit. History furnishes evidences of this. Prominently, the man who burnt the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, because he would compel the world to remember him. Even among the criminals of our own times, men have been found who have expressed an inhuman satisfaction in anticipating the moment of appearing before a crowded Court-room, or being referred to in the newspapers.

There is a wide difference between the success of a true life, and the success which is the result of a popular life. The merest huckster at the trough of manhood can, if he possesses popular tact, gain popular success. The necessary elements are a little money, more assurance, and influential friends to advance him into a sinecure, where fame is cheapened by being filtered through the sieve of respectability. He may be the veriest numbskull in existence, and, with these auxiliaries, become a silver-mounted member of society. Popular success does not foster the development of character, which is the grand object of mental and moral discipline. A man's character is his own to make and keep.

Some characters are made in a moment. Now and then, a young man will grow up and move along in an indolent, aimless groove, until, some day, he becomes lodged between circumstances that threaten his fortune and happiness, and, in an instant, he springs away from them and becomes a man of iron will and resolute purpose. Such cases are scarce, and less useful, than those who grow steadily and surely to the perfection of manhood.

If you have fought your way up single-handed from boyhood, with adversity as a companion, and have reached the mellow eve of life, with a good name and a fair share of this worlds goods, you have done well. But you have not achieved true success unless, in all these years, that other life,—the life that lies apart from the physical muscle—in some of its demands has kept equal pace in the conflict. Your life may have yielded pudding and respectability, but if there has been no hold upon the events of the world, no sympathy between labor and social and moral advancement, no demands upon your heart from those about you, then you have only attained popular success, that will not suffice in that day, when the toiler shall receive his perfect reward, and all stains of mortal sense shall fade beneath the glow of immortality.

SO NATURAL.

Many years ago, when speculation in real estate was very active, the owner of a farm at Greenpoint, (now Brooklyn), L. I., a widow, was desirous of selling it, and had fixed the price at $10,000, but it appeared to be overlooked for a long time. Finally the widow's son, an easy-going countryman, while at the grocery store in the village, heard a stranger inquiring for land, and offered the farm.

"What is the price?" was asked.

"$100,000," was the bold answer.

The stranger looked over the property and asked "on what terms will it be sold?"

"One-half cash, the other half in five annual instalments, secured by mortgage on the property."

After a few moments deliberation, the the stranger accepted the offer, paid $500 as earnest and ordered the papers made out at once.

The son returned home to announce the news. "I've sold the farm, mother."

"You don't say so, for how much?"

"Guess."

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Guess again."

"You didn't get fifteen thousand?"

"Guess again."

"Well, I'll make it enough this time, twenty-five thousand!"

And yet the only answer was, "Guess again."

"I shan't guess no more, for I know you're foolin', John."

"Well, mother, I've sold it for one hundred thousand dollars!"

"Good gracious," exclaimed the mother, when she could get breath. "What terms did you make?"

"Half cash, and half yearly for five years."

Then human nature spoke out, "*You great fool, we shall never get the rest of the money in the world!*"

The money, however, was all paid, and the tract is now owned by Union College, N. Y.

* * *

POLITICIAN'S motto: "Put yourself in his place."

* * *

THE Centennial Commissioners have at last determined to find out, if possible, about how old Susan B. Anthony really is.

* * *

WHEN the "force of circumstances" would press you down, remember that you are yourself very much of a circumstance, and press up with all your force.

* * *

A PHILADELPHIA mosquito will do more nosing around some other fellow's business, with less satisfaction to the other fellow, than any other insect living, except a bran-new mother-in-law.

* * *

A GREEN Street patriot is wondering if Martha Washington ever called George an "old bull-headed sardine," because he went away in the morning without splitting any kindling wood.

* * *

PROFESSOR HUXLEY will solve a very complicated matrimonial problem, if, during his visit to this country, he will tell us why, when one's first baby wants to get sick, it always selects the coldest weather on record, at two o'clock in the morning.

* * *

"I'VE *heered* o' tearin' tunes outen boxes 'fore now," said an old lady, as the large Centennial organ was being played a day or two ago, "but now I see 'em; and if my Josherway could 'a lived to a heered 'Haste to the Weddin' frickyseed up like that, he'd a rested a heap more peacefuller."

* * *

WE never could imagine how nature manages to pack so much noise into one baby; but, if you should see one of these juvenilities about the centre of the Main Building, kicking and squirming as though he had swallowed a galvanic battery, and *hear* him, you would think that he had been nursed on concentrated brass-bands.

* * *

A newspaper correspondent, describing a dashing beauty at one of our watering-places, says: "She's as fresh and fair as a soft summer night, full of stars and the belle of two seasons." Any young lady, who can fill herself with stars, and devour a belle of two seasons, certainly has magnificent digestive facilities, if she still remains "fresh and fair."

OLD.

BY DELMADI.

"Haggard and old; yes, haggard and old;
Wrinkled and faded, hungry and cold,
Begging for bread of the people I meet
Hurrying home through the crowded street—
Asking for alms, for I'm hungry and cold,
Haggard and old, haggard and old!"

"Haggard and old, so haggard and old
Is the face ever out in the rain and cold!"
The shivering limbs can scarcely bear
The poor old man with the silvery hair:
Hair that once rippled with careless grace
Over a young and beautiful face;
Yet now those locks are scant and few,
Out in the snow, the rain and the dew,
Under the starless sky to-night,
Is the bowed head with the locks of white.

"Haggard and old, so haggard and old—
And the heart once fearless, since so bold,
Now dreads to meet the careless tone
Of lips that once spoke love to my own;
I dread to meet the friends I know
When my heart was light and they were true,
For they carelessly turn aside, though I
Of hunger and cold and want may die!

"Haggard and old, haggard and old,
My senses leave me—my limbs are cold;
My body seems turning fast to stone;
My blood flows slowly, and here alone
In the deepening gloom, in a city's street
Alone, though I hear the hurrying feet
Of the crowds that heedlessly pass me by—
Alone and wretched, I'm left to die!"

Haggard and old, haggard and old,
Was the face that lifeless lay, and cold,
But a smile of wondrous peace and grace
Gave a beauty divine to the old man's face;
And they, who refused him a morsel of bread,
Wept when they found him cold and dead!

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

In our last letter we gave the outline of Great Britain's exhibit, not including her colonies, which will form the subject of the present communication. The necessity of economizing space, prevents our giving as exhaustive a description of the varied details as they well deserve, but to do justice in that way would form quite a volume of itself.

To commence with

THE BAHAMAS,

as this chain of small islands is generally known to the world, we find a very creditable display consisting of salt, fruit, sponges, barks, dye-woods, turtle-shell and shell work.

Before entering upon our description of the articles exhibited, it may not be unpleasing to give a few items concerning the history of the Islands.

There are nineteen principal islands, New Providence, the most important, containing Nassau, the capital, which being neutral ground during the late war, acquired an unwonted celebrity.

ST. SALVADOR,

belonging to this chain, possesses, however, more historical interest than any of the rest, being the first land sighted by Columbus. Two hundred and fifty years after he had discovered it, commerce commenced with the export of pine apples fom Eleuthera, and fifty years later, cotton was cultivated, and salt and different woods added to the exports.

In 1629, New Providence was settled by the English, and retained by them until 1641, when the Spaniards, becoming jealous of their growing power, attacked and drove them away. Again in 1667 did the stubborn British renew their claim, but in 1703 the French and Spaniards combined and again wrested it away. In 1783, by the peace of Versailles, the entire chain was surrendered to Great Britain.

The Turks and Caicos Islands were separated from the other *Bahamas*, and formed into a government subject to the Governor of Jamaica in 1848.

There are said to be ten colonial custom houses and entry-ports in these Islands, Nassau being chief.

So much for their history. The climate is said to be delightful beyond description, perpetual summer, with its balmy air and luscious fruits, reigning.

Quite a number of specimens of turned wood in the form of walking canes, bread platters, etc., are shown. Among the former may be seen canes of red crab wood, Cassava, cocoanut wood, mahogany, green ebony, Cascarilla, wild lemon, Tamarind, Guava, and wild coffee. The satin wood and green ebony are particularly handsome.

A curious card tray, is manufactured out of nine different kinds of wood, and is finely finished. Three bread platters are shown, which we are told are to be presented to the Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

IN SPONGES,

there are some excellent specimens, comprising four or five varieties,—the sheep-wool sponge, the velvet, the grass and reed kinds. These are said to form a principal part of the exports to the United States and London.

IN SHELLS,

there are some very beautiful tinted conchs shown. The variety known as the "Queen Conch" being particularly noticeable for delicacy of its coloring. There are one or two cases containing smaller shells found on the Islands and arranged with much taste. Then there is shell work done mostly by ladies, resident upon the Islands. The small rice shell is used principally in the making of these articles. Quite a handsome Epergne, formed of shells, is shown, and is really very beautiful and ingenious in construction. It is valued at five hundred dollars.

Then there are crosses, wreaths, fruit baskets, etc. A memorial wreath and sets of jewelry made of small shells, combined with fish scales.

Some large pieces of tortoise shell are shown, also one entire tortoise back, cleaned and handsomely polished by a citizen of Nassau.

Some excellent pieces of work in the form of hand-wrought jewelry, chains; a spoon and paper knife claim attention. Compared with similar work exhibited by other nations, it shows well and is of a beautiful color.

Among the curiosities are many little articles, made of the Mimosa bean, the seed of the tree bearing that name and which grows wild in the Bahamas. It is a species of Acacia, and has the most charming feathery tufts of flowers, which have a perfume resembling ripe peaches. The articles made from the bean are card baskets, watch cases, bags, bracelets, and a very pretty cross.

An interesting case contains the different

FIBRES

useful in manufactures, among which may be reckoned the Pita plant, the plantain tree, banana, pine apple, Aloe, Esparto grass. Wool made from the leaf of the forest pine, and some other trees. Most of these fibres are utilized and form an important article of export, excepting that from the banana tree, as there is such a great quantity of it obtainable and it is strong, it is thought that it will soon be added to the list.

A rope and net made from the bark of the wild fig tree are interesting and have a very rich tint of color. Many articles of

PALMETTO LEAF

—hats, mats, baskets, etc., are shown, but with these we are more familiar, as the palmetto palm grows so largely upon our southern coast. Therefore the work from the leaf is not a curiosity to our eyes.

The display of salt for table use is good, as also the collection of barks known to commerce. Some wax made from the myrtle-berry is shown, and has a pale-green tint. A curious vegetable sponge, called the *mammee sapota* in botanical language, attracts our regard. It is said to be excellent for bathing purposes, but not so soft as the sea-sponge.

A tempting array of

JARS,

containing pickles and preserves causes us to break the 10th commandment. And here we suggest that it would *not* be a bad idea to give those who admire these *special* exhibits an opportunity to test their merits other than is afforded by sense of sight only.

From the Bahamas we cross over to the

BERMUDAS,

or, as they are sometimes called, Somers' Islands. Of these, there are said to be one hundred—only fifteen or sixteen are inhabited, Bermuda proper being the largest, yet only measuring three and a half miles across, and containing less than twenty square miles.

We are told that the name Bermudas was given them from *Bermudez*, a Spaniard, who sighted them first in 1527.

The name always suggests the dietetic preparation made from one of the chief articles of export, arrow-root, and is associated with days of slow convalescence.

We are told that the first printing-press was introduced upon the Island in 1784, and a public library in 1839.

Among the articles exhibited in this Department are, of course, arrow-root in several forms, dried and preserved fruits, corals, sponges, sea-fans, sea-rods, hats made from Bermuda straw, articles of lace-work, etc.

Among these latter are a point-lace sleeveless jacket, a sofa-pillow, and smaller articles of no inconsiderable merit.

There is the finest display of

CORALS,

in the natural state, that are to be seen in the Main Building, only being equalled by the corals from the Micronesian Islands, for size and symmetry of form being unsurpassed. There is a beautiful

STALAGMITE,

taken from the floor of a submerged cave, which latter was two and a half feet below low-water mark. This stalagmite is in the form of a pillar. Just by it is a piece of a stalactite, taken from the top of the same cave, when submerged below low-water mark.

The Lords of the Admiralty, those potents of the sea, exhibit a model of Her Majesty's Floating Dock at Bermuda.

There are maps, one or two pictures of native scenery and some fine photographs. Among the pictures, "An Afternoon in Bermuda," by Mrs. Thorpe, is very graceful in detail and well colored.

BRITISH GUIANA

comes next on our list, but we find its exhibits in proportion to its size and not varied, consisting, for the most part, of different sugars, rum, rice and different fibres utilized. Among these latter are the silk-grass fibre, which is very pretty and very much like silk thread in appearance, and the monkey-apple fibre, which is curious.

A piece of green-heart wood is shown, nearly one hundred years old, and is of a fine, high-colored grain.

CEYLON AND THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS next attract us. We find the hymn of childish memory running through our thoughts as a sort of accompaniment suggested at the sound of the name

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," etc.,

and find the small display of raw products from the "favored islands" to accord well with its aromatic reputation.

Among the Straits settlements we find Singapore, Penang, and the familiar name of Malacca. This last named is a very old settlement, dating from 1511. There are but few articles exhibited, just samples of the raw products, displayed by one firm, and being pretty much the same as that of Ceylon.

IN JAMAICA,

there is such a markedly interesting display that we are always tempted to linger there. It is doubly attractive from the fact of having been discovered by Columbus, 1494—a fact, we think, not generally realized by us. To it he first gave the name of St. Jago, and it remained under Spanish rule for one hundred and sixty-one years.

It capitulated to a force sent by the great Puritan usurper, Cromwell, but it was due to Charles the Second to inaugurate there a form of civil government in 1660.

It is said to be singularly free from those scourges of tropical islands, earthquakes and hurricanes, and owing to the mountain chain running down the centre, possesses a climate more approaching that to be found in the temperate zones.

Quite a fine display of native Tobacco, in leaf, cigars and cigarettes is shown. Some specimens of progress in the shape of furniture, etc., are shown—very creditable too.

To us, the articles made from the *Lagetta* or lace bark, which, as we have stated in a previous letter, is the inner bark of the Gru Gru Palm, are the most attractive of all. The dainty mats edged with palmetto braids and ornamented with pressed ferns, and autumn leaves, with here and there a delicate line, are really artistic. Then there are hats with flowers and plumes all made of this fairy-like Lagetta. Wreaths and vases of flowers, some in the natural white, others dyed, are shown.

Ornaments from the Dagger Plant are ingenious and odd lookig. Necklaces of polished seeds, carved and polished.

Quaintly traced Calabashes or gourds, made into cups and boxes. Wax moulds of fruits; dye woods, gums, coffees, which latter have a smaller, rounder grain than the other coffees, being too of a clear shade of green. Preserved fruits, wines, liqueurs, oils, drugs and perfumes, which lesser articles go to make up a very complete exhibit. Jamaica, we must not forget, however, used many years ago, to be the favorite resort of such English land-holders, who preferred to invest in West Indian plantations in preference to cultivating their native soil; hence much of its progress and degree of civilization may be accounted for, though "Ichabod" is written now on its pristine glory.

THE GOLD COAST, WEST AFRICA,

comes next in order. This composes exhibits from that section of Upper Guinea, stretching from the river Assini on the west, to the river Volta on the east, and along the Gulf of Guinea.

Quite a varied display of native cloths are shown. Cape Coast cloth, made entirely of native cotton and dyes; Ashantee cloth, printed by natives; Ashantee silk cloth, which resembles our "raw silk," or foulard silk; King Kofi Calli's cloth; Krobbo cloth, and many others. One piece of cloth from Wassaw, was as variegated as Joseph's coat.

We are also shown

NATIVE LOOMS,

and specimens of cloth in the loom. Some excellent samples of wool knitting by the Colonial schools; native slippers, of a yellow color and oddly shaped. A satchel of tanned leather, quite neatly made; and also some goat-skin fans, trimmed with leather work.

More noticeable are a Desk and Envelope Pocket, made of Odoom wood, and by native workmen, even the lock being of native construction.

Models of canoes and paddles; stools and boards for native games. A sword of State, with a handsomely carved wooden handle plated with gold.

Strange figures of God and Goddesses from Abeokuta. An image, exhibited at native funerals, and hideous enough to frighten the timid into believing anything. Some fine leopard and a large sized black monkey's skins are to be seen.

IN EARTHENWARE,

there is quite an assortment of articles for domestic use—some resembling in a marked degree Egyptian pottery. An oddly shaped lamp, with some quaint black bottles from Wassaw, and a lot of Ashantee pipes of native clay, complete the list.

There are native arms, swords and arrows, also musical instruments, which latter from their grotesque appearance, it is reasonable to infer can only charm the ears of the inventors and their countrymen. There is one, which resembles a guitar, another a rude kind of fiddle, with a bow, a horn and a sort of flageolet.

There is a very

WHITE CLAY

shown, which, we are told, is used medicinally and also to decorate, or mark wives who are parted from their husbands. It is used to adorn the successful in law-suits; and at marriage feasts is employed as symbolic of purity.

From the specimens of such of the natives of that country, as it has been our fortune to see, we can well opine that the "mark" would be noticeable for decided contrast, if nothing else.

There are fine specimens of palm and other oils, aromatic pepper, and some coffee, said to have been grown in eight months after planting the seed, by a Colonial schoolmistress. Starch is shown in two forms—the Cassada starch and Colored Powder starch, a novelty for laundries. [The latter by an Englishman.]

A tempting display of gold-dust and ornaments of gold, is made. Among the latter are rings, pins, chains, locks, necklaces, etc. In some there is a fine show of good workmanship, richly defined tracings and carvings, with quite a tasteful collection of designs. Here, too, we see the "beetle jewelry," so famous in Brazil.

Mauritius, another of the British possessions, sends quite a large assortment of woods and about fifteen samples of sugar. There are three books on the medical plants of Mauritius, two copies of the Mauritius almanac for 1874, and some pleasing photographic views of scenery and the inhabitants. According to statistics, it must be farther advanced in the arts and sciences than most of the other small islands under European government. The exhibit from the

SEYCHELLES ARCHIPELAGO,

or Mahe Islands, is attractive from the delicacy of its straw-work if nothing else. There is, too, a certain taste in the disposing of the various articles that suggests a feminine touch; we cannot say why nor wherefore, but so the impression remains. The specimens of straw-work are done from the inner husk of the *coco de mer*. Several of the nuts themselves are shown in the rough state. They are larger and of a somewhat different shape to the cocoanut which we are accustomed to see, not being so symetrical. There are hats, baskets, fans, slippers, watch-pockets; even cups and saucers of the most exquisitely fine plaiting, and mostly the work of one lady, Miss Bouquet.

Tobacco, segars, cocoanut-oil, cotton, cloves and turtle shell are among the other items. We have not before paid any special attention to the display from

TRINIDAD,

there being so much else surrounding it to engross the eye. It now comes in for "a share in the picture," among the other colonial possessions, and quite a large display of native woods may be seen. We are told there are not less than two hundred and thirty-five varieties shown. Trinidad, it is said, ultimately became a British possession in 1802, by the peace of Amiens, by an article in which Britain restored all places taken from Spain, except Ceylon and Trinidad. Spices, wood-fibres, sugar, molasses and Cassada starch are to be seen. Some bottles of the noted Angostura Bitters, manufactured at Port-of-Spain, by a Dr. Siegert, are shown. Curious little strainers, in miniature size of course, called guayares, used for straining and preparing Cassara root; and small models of the catawres, used by the women for carrying loads, are interesting as exemplifying native customs. A Miss Venus McAdam sends baskets made of what is known as the towel-gourd, and in addition to the odd appearance of the baskets themselves, there is the attraction of knowing that a Venus made them—the first record we believe of that luxurious, pleasure-loving goddess meddling with the useful arts. Come we now to great

AUSTRALIA,

and adjoining islands. Were one to credit all the marvellous stories one reads of that enchanted region, one might fancy that the fiction of fairy-land had become reality, and only had transferred its realm to this biggest of islands. Victoria is said to be the most populous colony in Australia, and has an extremely southern situation. The climate, with the exception of the hot winds, which set in about nine o'clock in the forenoon, and which are distressing to both human beings and the lower animals, is said to be of a great mildness. There is a curious fact stated about these hot, dry winds, that while they are oppressive and depressing in their present influence, the after effect is good. The intense dryness produced acting as an excellent disinfectant, and destroying the malaria so common to such southern localities.

There is a fine display of rocks, minerals, and fossils, together with *fac similes* of celebrated nuggets found in the gold regions. Ceramics, pottery and porcelain are creditably represented. New Zeland flax in its natural state, with materials made from it; cocoons and silk in the hank; also, what is called Victoria silk, worked on Brussels net. A pianoforte, made from colonial timber, will compare well with those of some leading firms. There is a great deal of care displayed in the finish and general details of this instrument. There is also a cottage piano which we are told has a very charming tone; we have not yet had the good fortune to judge auricularly if not oracularly of that fact.

Some of the banks send specimens of their notes, which are upon excellent paper and well engraved. In photography, we find the Victorians not a whit behind the rest of the world. In fact, there is a great clearness and distinctness of outlines that we often miss at home in these photographs, due perhaps to a different atmosphere.

There are some stuffed birds and native animals in the display. The most curious of native animals is the "Duck-Bill," which has the body of an Otter and the bill of a duck. The most magnificent specimens of wheat are shown from this well-favored land; also, other grains. Nor are wanting samples of cotton and wool, skins and liquors, preserved fruits, meats and vegetables.

The Emeu and Cassowary, resembling somewhat the African Ostrich, are on exhibition. Nothing can be more beautiful than the Emeu egg. It is not as large as the Ostrich egg, but far handsomer, being of the deepest shade of myrtle green, and having a roughened surface. The shell seems to be tough enough, and not possessing the troublesome brittleness of other eggs, is capable of being wrought upon, and made into very beautiful articles of ornament.

A centre piece of silver, has for principal ornament, the egg set in silver, and serving as a receptacle for flowers.

The silver contrasting fairly with the deep green of the shell. Among the useful things is a ventilating safety cage for wines. This is so constructed that it acts as ventilator to the wines, and should the rope break, the cage will stick in the shaft, and not fall. Next we come to

GREENLAND,

which, indeed, for size, and rapid growth, may well merit its name, being queen of the other colonies. In addition to other objects of interest displayed, there is an exhibit of oils in bottles, which must be very attractive to the scientist and also the farmer. Most of them are unequalled in richness. Among the

ORES DISPLAYED

are gold, silver, lead, copper, antimony, bismuth, tin, from various sections. Among the products are tobacco, silk, sugar, arrow root, wine, flour, candied fruit, etc. Some fine opals are shown, as are also specimens of calcedony, agate and serpentine. This latter is indeed beautiful in its viewing, and, as is shown, is capable of the highest degree of polish.

A case of butterflies almost as brilliant in rainbow tints, as the lovely "insect angels" from Brazil, may be seen. One large insect, being of different shades of green, so vivid in bone, and so perfect in form, that we are fain to believe it is

TITANIA

herself, metamorphosed for the occasion and only "playing dead," as the children say.

TASMANIA

possesses much to interest one, but one space failing, we are compelled to give only a passing notice. There are some curious photographs of "Aboriginal Women," "Wapperty" and "Patty," framed in muck wood; while "Lalla Rook," and "Bessie Clark," are handsomely encircled with a framing of myrtle wood. The former of these two, is said to be the sole survivor of the Tasmanian Aboriginies, and with this fact, make her ladyship a remarkable woman: we could not exactly term her a venus for beauty. As a companion portrait may be mentioned, that of "Billey Lanney," the last Tasmanian Aboriginal man. Suffice for his manly beauty, be it to remark, that if the fair (?) Lalla be a Tasmanian venus, he may also claim the right to be an Appollo—and find his dark admirers. Some of the most charming sea-shells are to be seen in this department.

Three very pretty tables, painted in groups of native ferns, wreaths of flowers, are shown; the very praiseworthy work of ladies from Hobart-town.

Also, we see newspapers and books.

A carved ivory stand, combined with wood, and intended for holding eggs; and also, curet bottles, is noticeable.

Nor can we pass by, unnoted, an excellent pencil drawing of "Avoca in Tasmania by Moonlight," the work of a lady artist, Mrs. Hugh Hull, Hobart-town. It is very soft, and has the effect of crayon drawing.

Last we come to

NEW ZEALAND,

which we learn is often called the "Great Britain of the Southern Hemisphere."

The Aboriginies of this Island are called Mavons, and are said to have been a remarkable people in their way—resembling somewhat the clans of the Highlands of Scotland, with the exception of some very singular native weapons. A whalebone weapon called "Pai-a-te Rangi," handed down from an ancestor called Kaimin, four generations back—with which, many kings were despatched, is shown. It partakes of the nature of the Boomerang. A weapon called the "Tohiora," was used in killing the great prophet and leader of the Hawhan forces, at the battle of Moutoa, in 1864.

Many spears are shown, and two ancient fish hooks tipped with human bone.

A flax mat, mill-woven with feathers of the native wood, pigeon, is shown; and is, moreover, intended as a gift to the President of the United States. Several green stone ornaments for the ear, are of a beautiful lustre. A stone axe, and also a hatchet, dating ten generations back, may be seen.

The East India exhibit is so large and rich that it deserves a letter to itself. Never have more exquisite carvings in wood, or chasing in gold and silver been seen upon this Continent. The great taste displayed in the disposal of the rich articles, so lavishly displayed, adds markedly to the effect. And so with a great reluctance we leave the gay wares from Delhi and Calcutta, the relics from the banks of the sacred Ganges, so clear to the Hindoo Maiden, and reserve a description of their several beauties until a "more convenient season."

WHOSE MONEY?

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

Whenever I meet the seemingly rich, the gaily attired, the bejeweled, belaced, bedecked, and bebeavered lady or gentleman I question in my heart. "Whose money buys all these fine things?"

Is it yours, madam?

Sir, is it yours?

Yours by any right or might; yours hardly earned, yours stolen, yours cheated, yours by failing, craft, cunning, or any trick of trade?

If the money was yours, with which you bought all this finery, very well, wear it with grace, dignity, pleasure, comfort, and, if you can, a clear conscience. I wish only I might wear as good.

But if the money with which you purchase pleasure is not yours, if those in your employ are suffering for want of what you so idly spend; if their families are starving and freezing because of their unpaid wages; if the lawyer harasses them and the doctor, merchant, and grocer will not trust them, then walk home from your Saratoga or Newport, your White Mountains and Green Valleys, and give the money which is not yours by any right, except might, to the honest, waiting men and women whom you owe. Strip off your borrowed finery; lay aside your silks and laces, and wear calicoes, and stay at home until you are sure that the money you will spend abroad is your very own.

* * *

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.—The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. "Idleness is the mother of mischief." Children should be taught to be as independent of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them.

NEWS NOTES.

THE recent census of Montreal places the population at 148,000.

THERE are 300 journals in the German language published in this country.

PRELIMINARY work on the Paris International Exhibition has already begun.

SPEAKER M. C. Kerr died at Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va., on the 19th of August.

THE price of silver in England is rising on account of the extreme firmness of the price of silk.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON has been nominated for Governor by the Democrats of South Carolina.

GEN. TOM THUMB is said to have exchanged his yacht "Maggie B." for a solitaire diamond worth $3,000.

STANLEY found a race of marvelously beautiful women in Central Africa. That accounts for his long absence.

PRINCE MILAN has issued a proclamation declaring that Servia and Montenegro will fight together to the last.

THE contract between the Erie Railway and the United States Express Company has been renewed for five years.

A BILL has just been passed by the Texas Legislature granting State aid to the building of a sea wall before Galveston.

A SOCIETY has been formed in England, the object of which is "united prayer for the protection of animals from cruelty."

GENERAL GARIBALDI has accepted the Presidency of the "League for the Liberation of the Slavo-Hellenic Peninsula."

NEW ORLEANS mourns the loss of her Texas trade because St. Louis got ahead of her in effecting railroad communications.

THE government has entered suit against the Missouri Pacific Railroad for taxes from 1864 to 1872, under the old income law.

IT is officially announced that the Servian troops under General Harvatovich have recaptured Gurgusovatz and occupied Trestbaba.

A WEEKLY German newspaper, called the *East Asiatic Gazette*, is published in Tokio, Japan. The compositors are all native Japanese.

A NEW military company in Texas is called "The Custer Light Horse Cavalry," and the members nearly all served in the Confederate army.

ONE of the street railroads in Paris uses a locomotive without a furnace. It has a reservoir of superheated water, which furnishes a supply of steam.

NEW York and Philadelphia are to have permanent bakeries of the Vienna fashion after the close of the Exhibition, to produce what Bayard Taylor pronounces honest bread.

MANCHESTER, N. H., claims to be the only manufacturing city of New England where the mills have been operated without interruption on full time and without reduction in wages.

COMMODORE Vanderbilt was in May the patient of a spirit medium, who was paid $500 for the "laying on of hands," which was probably a good sound rubbing, for it seems to have done him some good at the time.

THE boxwood used by the engravers is brought from the region of the Black and Caspian seas, and is said to grow in perfection nowhere else. A cubic foot of it weighs seventy-five pounds, and the prices range from $75 to $250 a ton.

THE prevalence of opium-smoking in Virginia City, Nevada, is appalling. In one of the fashionable dens 150 whites, of both sexes, held high carnival two weeks ago, the majority of them belonging to the best classes of the town.

THERE has been terrible devastation by grasshoppers on the northwestern, western, and southwestern borders of Minnesota. The damage done by these pests is incalculable, but the amount of crops destroyed is so far inconsiderable, counted as a whole, although hundreds of industrious, hard-working settlers have lost their all, and have nothing left to live upon.

THE vegetable and fruit crop is small this year. The berry crops, except currants, have been small and unprofitable to the growers. Apples are plentiful, but small in size. The peach crop is not more than one-third as large as last year's crop, but the fruit is of better quality and fine flavor.

BY direction of the Society of Arts, of London, tablets have been placed upon houses formerly occupied by the following distinguished persons: John Dryden, George Handel, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Byron, John Flaxman, Napoleon III, Mrs. Siddons, Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, Benjamin Franklin, George Canning, David Garrick, Horatio Nelson, and Michael Faraday. Franklin's memorial may be seen at No. 7 Caven street.

THE lottery business in this country has received a blow which must be fatal. By the laws of different States the business has been made locally illegal and generally disreputable, and both branches of Congress have passed a law containing a provision that prohibits the circulation through the mails of any letters or circulars containing lotteries, or any gift enterprise or similar cheme in the nature of a lottery. The penalty is a heavy fine which will be sufficient to debar the lottery agents from taking the risk.

The Court of Queen's Bench has discharged the rule *nisi* against the "Hour," for libelling Sir Charles Russell, Baronet, member of Parliament for Westminster, in the publication of several articles charging him with financial legerdemain in connection with the Peruvian bonds. The defendants retracted, without reserve, every imputation against Sir Charles Russell and paid the costs. In the course of the proceedings it transpired that Mr. MacDougall was no longer the proprietor and editor of the "Hour."

AN official dispatch received here claims that the Turks were repulsed twice during last week. Despite their numbers they were unable even to approach the fortifications of Alexinatz, and only succeeded in burning some Christian villages. General Tchernayeff sends frequent dispatches, urging Prince Milan to continue the war, but the Prince appears to be still undecided, as it is understood that only three of the Servian Ministers favor the continuance of the war.

THE British agent reports on the Turkish cruelties in Bulgaria, that he is told that children are, in certain numbers, taken to the houses of their captors, but he does not believe that "anything like open sale" of them took place. He admits that the province is ruined, as the Turkish government will discover to its cost when it comes to tax. He advises the return of live stock to the villagers, besides the gift of materials for rebuilding their houses and seed for their fields.

FORWARD

BY THOMAS ROBERTS.

Forward! in the ranks of life,
On to the fields of fame!
Forward! amid the battle's strife,
To gain a glorious name!

Forward! to some good on earth
To benefit mankind!
Forward! to do some deed of worth,
And leave a name behind!

Forward! to do what e'er is right,
To fight for a noble cause,
To crush oppression's iron might,
And strike for better laws!

Forward! to raise a fallen friend,
Or watch the bed of pain;
Forward in life to the latter end,
As long as hopes remain.

Then, forward! where'er thy lot is cast—
Whate'er thy fate may be;
Forward in life to the very last,
For Truth and Liberty!

ADAM AND I.

BY MRS. GUION.

We had lived together many a year in mutual satisfaction, Adam and I. Adam had always considered me pretty good-looking—at least he said so, and praised my good qualities generally, when our friends "called in" to take a cup of tea and spend an evening,—a social disease at its height when our best plums were ripe.

Adam walked in the "even tenor of his way" and no ripple had, as yet, disturbed our matrimonial sea, when Rebecca Silver burst upon us for a visit. She came from up the country and being a distant relation of mine, on my mother's side, had lots of news. Adam seemed as much interested as I was; besides, Rebecca had made a "tour" as she called it and used to speak sometimes; she said "the spirit moved her."

She had all the new ideas and a world of information. She brought little wearing apparel, but stacks of newspapers and pamphlets.

We sat upon the large old-fashioned porch, Adam and I. Before us and on every side, spread out vast fields, the fruit of our labor, for Adam was an industrious man, and I was his helpmete, and there was no "mine" and "thine" among our possessions. Our corn was waving in the fresh breeze that had just sprung up, our cattle were browsing on the hillside near, and the few sheep and lambs we owned were quietly resting beside the clear stream that flowed at its foot. Altogether a picture to refresh the eye. Adam and I had oft gazed upon it with infinite delight. 'Twas near the close of a sultry day in August. Rebecca's visit was drawing to a close, and I was not sorry. She was having a bad effect upon Adam. She had gone on one of her "tours" and we were alone that day.

I was just putting up my darning and Adam his paper, he had made a remark, (Adam was a thinking man) and was holding up his spectacles in his hand. I did not like the paper he was reading nor the remark he made, but Adam thought the least he could do, as our friends had sent us the paper, was to read every word, whether he understood it or not, and I as a dutiful wife, felt bound to listen to it, though the subject goaded me. Said Adam, giving me my name, which, not being euphonious, I omit, said he, removing his spectacles:

"Do you understand *that*?"

"Of course, I do," and giving him a searching look,—I just remembered having heard Rebecca explain that same thing the day before—I added, "it's as clear as mud."

"Well," said Adam, much relieved, "women never can understand such things."

"Please explain it, then. I suppose you can."

"Nothing plainer—quite plain—"

"Yes, exactly," said I, interrupting him, his eyes wandering off to the cows.

"That's the meaning of it, my dear."—Adam sometimes addressed me in that way—"there is the prevention of cruelty to animals, and the improvement of mankind in general and all that, and—"

"Why, Adam, there is not one word of that in it," said I.

But on he went, never heeding, absorbed in the greatness of his thoughts. "There is the breaking up of families and building up on a new basis and—"

"Get along with your new basis: better stick to the old one." I felt myself getting out of patience, for I had heard Rebecca Silver say that same thing yesterday and the thought seized me that Adam wanted a "new basis."

"The destruction of the family and of all the ties that bind them together, debasing to human nature and ruinous to the children, for my part—" I added with emphasis, overcome by my suspicions. "I want to hear nothing about such doctrines, and I think people who espouse them had better be watched."

The return of Rebecca Silver terminated our conversation, and I began preparing supper. Rebecca was never the one to "lend a hand."

Adam agreed with Rebecca exactly, when I was not present. She had a way of repeating her stories for the second and third time, and Adam was too polite to call her attention to it always, but I just said plainly, "Rebecca you told that before."

Rebecca wanted to see the old ruins, and Adam geared up the horses. When he asked me to go along, I said:

"We have ruin enough at home, Adam."

I never shall forget his innocent expression in reply; it went to my heart: "Why, what has happened?"

I did not quite like the way things were going on. It flashed across my mind that Adam had behaved strangely of late, and that we were not as happy as we used to be, and all owing to Rebecca Silver. They had so many arguments together, and she being a strong-minded woman, always brought Adam round to her way of thinking,—Adam was weak that way.

A woman of advanced social views, had been lecturing in our town, and Adam seemed wondrously taken with her. A good many of the men were missing. Elder Jones himself was near being converted, but then he thought better of it, considering his age and ugliness. I never thought much of Elder Jones, anyhow.

Adam generally agreed with me in the old time, and if he sometimes crossed to the other side, his heart was right. Our home had been happy, with the stockings all darned and every thing in its place. The neighbors said it would take a yoke of oxen to draw Adam from the old porch, for he loved to sit there and grow old.

I used to revere Adam. I never thought he'd have fallen from grace. He had always protected me—he said women needed it; when he was dressed he stood almost six feet, while I, he said, "was a good height for a woman." Elder Jones' wife said I had a man to be proud of. He never cast the blame of what he did himself on me. No! I always said if my Adam had lived in the Garden of Eden he'd have acted like a man and declared that he ate the apple of his own free will.

I always was ashamed of that other Adam. If Rebecca Silver had staid at home with all her new fangled notions we might be happy yet.

It was on a Saturday morning that Rebecca left us. She had much to say about her visit being pleasant and the papers she should send us. I let her go, none the wiser about the misery she had brought me.

"Write, Rebecca, and let us know how you are getting along," said Adam as the driver gathered up his reins.

We watched the old stage till it was turning the brow of the hill. Then Rebecca shook her parasol out of the window.

I spent the day putting things to rights. Adam gathered up the newspapers in a pile. I left him pretty much to himself that day. I thought his conscience might be troubling him. I always recommend reflection.

Rummaging round, I found in Rebecca's room (alas! for human vanity at the age of forty)—would you believe it?—a rag full of red paint and powder. And now the secret is out. I knew very well Rebecca had no color when she was a girl. The hypocrite! imposing on us; and this was the source of all our unhappiness—*this rag!* It contained the roses that been so trying to Adam's virtue and my peace of mind. I longed to shake the deception in Rebecca's face, and expose her perfidy. I despised her.

Adam had more than once said "Rebecca had a fine color, and he wished I looked a shade brighter." I struggled hard to remember that Rebecca was a relation of mine.

I was about to consign the red and white to the winds, when a new idea seized me, and I put the parcel on the shelf.

The next day was Sunday, and Adam set great store by the new preacher. *I made up my mind to go and look my best!*

"Now, if anyone prefers paint and powder to natural charms, why not indulge them?" I asked myself, as with my best dress and new parasol I joined Adam on the walk.

As I met his approving glance, my conscience smote me, for I was not in the habit of deceiving Adam. I was more than once on the point of confessing my base suspicions; but I had an object, and the object said "go on!"

Adam wore his new suit. The people looked at me in church. I felt that I looked better than common. We were walking home. Adam seemed struck with my appearance. He looked at me several times, and said, with emotion:

"How pretty you look, my dear." I felt his eyes upon me as he spoke, but I gazed upon some old buildings. "Why you look as fresh as"—I thought he was going to say Rebecca, but may be it was an accident, he only added, "as when you were young. You are the prettiest woman of your age I ever saw, and I love you more than ever to-day." But his countenance was puzzled—so was mine. Rebecca was ten years younger.

I paid no attention to his words, though they were precious. I only said, firmly:

"I've had a good deal of uneasiness of late."

"What about?" looking thoughtful.

"Adam," said I, with more firmness, "I thought you were admiring Rebecca Silver too much for virtue"—I never minded the glance of horror he cast on me, but went on—"as you liked the lecturers going the rounds—very bad for the men."

"Quite as bad for the women," said Adam, as soon as I paused. He was looking at me. "But never fear for me, wife. You are nearer to me to-day than ever; my heart warms toward you as of old; but somehow you look—changed."

"Look at those old buildings, Adam," said I, "going to decay. Behold what a little paint and whitewash does—how it freshens things up!"

"Yes, I see it all; but you haven't, have you?"

"No I haven't." I guessed at it. Adam brought his shaving-glass and held it before me, and, to be sure, I was a show.

I knew the truth must come, at times so humiliating, but I could not speak, for his eye was upon me.

"You haven't have you?" and his deep-toned voice faltered.

"Oh! thou hast been the cause of this anguish, Rebecca!"

Then and there we had an explanation. Harmony is restored. Adam and I have been to see the ruins, and are back on the porch. All nature is bathed in a soft yellow light, and, as it falls on Adam, he looks grayer than ever, and reminds me that we are approaching the "sear and yellow leaf," and ought to be wiser. Rebecca still makes "tours" and writes to us sometimes, but we never ask her to come and see us.

HOW I WAS MESMERISED INTO MATRIMONY.

BY J. P. H.

I was once a devout believer in mesmerism—that was in my "salad days, when I was green in judgment"—but my faith in the science has been terribly shakened by some incidents of a tender nature which happened to me personally.

And these I am about to relate as well as my trembling hand will allow. I never was much given to any particular fondness for the marvellous, having been brought up in a family which had neither time nor inclination for speculative soarings. Still I had some partiality for things out of the common order of events, and at twenty-five I might have become a professor of some occult art, had not the kindness of my destiny ordered it otherwise. Books and lectures of a certain cast, flavored by the juggleries of *seances*, had cast a glamor over my limited intelligence, and I was as sensitive to novel and unexplained sensations as a child, when I was saved from becoming either an idiot or a rogue by the sweet delirium of a love fever, which I caught in a very singular manner. As I have said, I was twenty-five, and can candidly affirm heart-whole as regarded the fair sex. My employment lay in the city, and I lived with my widowed mother in a little cottage, one of a pretty row in a quiet street in a Philadelphia suburb. To get to the main road, I had every morning to pass along the row, which I did for several weeks without anything occurring worth mentioning, when one bright spring day I met my fate in the person of a very pretty girl watering flowers in the little garden plot in front of No. 801.

I took in the *ensemble* of her appearance in one devouring glance. Of the middle height, lithe, and well-rounded in figure, draped in quiet morning costume, with abundance of rich brown hair, and a ravishing pair of ankles, her stooping position revealing them distinctly.

I mentally thought her the fairest flower to be seen in that row. But when she turned to bestow on me a passing glance, I was fairly bewitched by the beauty of her face and eyes. The former belonged to the highest type of blonde, and the latter were as blue as the bluest of skies—one in particular, the left, shone with extraordinary brilliancy. As I turned into the main road I took a last look, and that eye was upon me.

My occupation in the city was and is sedentary, but all that day at business I felt the magic of that wonderful eye. It haunted me continually. How I got through my work at all was a wonder, but I did, and in the evening came home to reply to my dear mother only in monosyllables, and retire early to bed, to dream that I was a sea Captain, steering my ship to the brightest star that ever shone in the heavens. The next and many succeeding days, all of which happened to be sunny and dry, the same thing happened. There was the fair spell in the garden plot, and her eye followed me into the roaring city and the grubby office. I was rapidly becoming neglectful of my duties, to the peril of my prospects, which were good, when I was saved by a formal introduction to the cause of my delirium.

We met, and it was literally in a crowd, for it was at a subscription ball given in the large room of a neighboring hotel, got up by some of the inhabitants of the row for the benefit of somebody—it may have been some old crossing sweeper for aught I ever knew or cared, so dazed was I with the enchantress, with whom I danced nearly the whole evening. I noticed that many of the young men cast searching glances upon us. Some of them shrugged their shoulders, and I overheard such remarks as "It's a case," "Fine girl; but a great pity," "Wonder whether he'll find it out beforehand." But I attributed all this to envy, and went to bed that night to be haunted by her bright eyes, one especially which shone in my dreams like a star of the first magnitude.

The ball led to an intimacy between our families, and it was not long before I became a suitor for the hand of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Julia Stokes, only daughter of a widow, who had a small but comfortable independency. Our courtship, I presume, was much the same as that of other lovers. On my side I know it was very ardent, and in a few months the day, the happy day, was named.

My mother saw no objection, but candidly hinted that the dazzling lustre of one of Julia's eyes caused her some perplexity.

My mother-in-law that was to be said solemnly to me—

"You take my daughter with all her imperfections, and my fervent prayer is that you will never regret the step. I ought to explain: indeed, it is my duty to do so. You must understand that in extreme youth my child met with——"

Julia, who was present, hastily interposed and invited me into the back garden, whither I willingly accompanied her, for I had and have a horror of family explanations.

While wandering among the flowers, looking and talking the soft nonsense so dear to youthful lovers, Julia abruptly turned to me, and fixing her dear orbs, one especially, firmly on my beaming countenance, said to me, in tones that thrilled me to the very centre of my heart—

"Algernon, if anything was to happen to me—if you discovered I was not as good as I ought be for your love, would you—could you—love me then as now?"

Need I say what my answer was. She kissed me for it, and on the spot I prevailed on her to name the happy day.

In due time we were married, and dutifully passed away a month together at the seaside. We then settled down in a cosy cottage in a cosy suburb. We had been at home for a week or too, quietly trying to settle down, when one day I thought to surprise my Julia with a new dress, or rather the silk for one. The day was a hot summer one, so with the parcel under my arm, instead of entering my domicile by the front door, I went round to the back, and looked into a sitting-room which was a favorite with Julia.

There she was, reclining on the sofa asleep, her fine figure displayed to much advantage for the gaze of an enraptured husband. I stole into the apartment, intending to place the parcel on a table and retire; but the sight that met my view chained me to the spot. One of Julia's eyes was shut, the other wide open, and glittering like a diamond of the first water. It fixed itself on me, and caused a thrill to pass down me right into my boots, as if I had received a galvanic shock.

All kinds of surmises raced through my troubled brain, and in my horror I would have cried out, but my tongue clove dryly to the roof of my mouth. After all, was mesmerism a science and a truth, and had I married one who had the power to lead me about by her sweet, strong will like a lapdog at the end of a string, or was my Julia afflicted with paralysis of the optic nerve? Was she human, or only a bewitching, beautiful female Polyphemus? Could there be anything of the vampire in her composition? Could there—Could there——

Great beads of perspiration gathered on my agonized brow, and the parcel dropped to the floor with a bump, which caused Julia to start up and utter a little shriek, which sent me plump into a chair.

"What is the matter, Algernon?" she asked.

"The heat—I have been walking fast!" I gasped.

And for the next ten minutes I was subjected to a process of *sal volatile* to my nostrils, and vinegar to my temples. How I got over that evening I don't remember; but I do recollect that I felt dreadfully shaken, and was in a nervous way for several days afterwards. Loving Julia dearly, and afraid of hurting her feelings, I made no remarks, nor asked for any explanation. There was, however, growing upon me a feeling that there was some mystery connected with my wife, which only time could unravel.

I took to the study of biology in all its branches, that of the so-called science of mesmerism with avidity, but, as may be imagined, in secret, and to little purpose, for I was neither a Darwin nor a Huxley. I was getting tranquilized, for Julia had not exhibited the peculiarity again, and I was about to toss my studies and perplexity to the winds of forgetfulness, when an event occurred which quite upset both my judgment and my bodily health.

It was a lovely autumn morning, and I stood looking down upon my Eve like one who was utterly distraught. That Eye, that terribly bright eye of hers, was shining brighter than the morning star. The other was closed, the long lashes casting a faint shadow on her alabaster cheek. She would have presented a pretty picture as she lay with her rosy lips slightly parted; but that eye spoiled it, and I, in a kind of frozen, mechanical silence, roused myself and left the chamber.

To walk in a small garden before breakfast and meditate may be healthful; but to be pursued into every angle by an eye belonging to the being you love the best in the world is, to say the least about such a thing, bewildering. I was bewildered, bewitched, mesmerized, and when I came indoors and sat down to breakfast, I could only stare at my Julia in a stupid way.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked, several times, and I could only return for answer something between an hysterical giggle and a groan.

I went to business and blundered as never did clerk before. On my way home I stopped at a secondhand bookshop, and purchased a mouldy cyclopedia, which contained articles on "The Evil Eye," "Vampires," "Paralysis of the Optic Nerve," &c.

The article on the evil eye riveted my attention during the whole of the remainder of the day, and when I retired to bed, dinnerless, tealess, and supperless, it was not to sleep, but to lie with my face to the floor, and behold eyes glaring at me from every corner of the room, which threw me into a high fever, in which I lay for weeks.

One day as I lay exhausted, the fever almost gone, I overheard a low conversation, which tended very much to accelerate my recovery.

"The deception was cruel."

That was my mother's voice.

"It was not my fault."

That was my mother-in-law.

"It was mine, wholly mine. I was afraid of losing him, and I loved him. Oh, I loved him so dearly."

That was my Julia.

"It must end, and at once, or I will not answer for the consequences."

That was a man, and, slightly turning, I recognized in the speaker a medical gentleman whom I had known for years.

"Who is to make the revelation?" whispered my mother.

"I will," exclaimed my Julia. "Mine was the wrong-doing, and mine is the duty to make all the reparation in my power, even if I am divorced."

And at this latter supposition the poor girl sobbed outright. Upon hearing which I uttered some loud remark, and the next instant felt something gurgling in my throat, which speedily sent me fast asleep. When I awoke, memory, of course, stirred actively within me, curiosity restored to me the use of my tongue, and I was in danger of a relapse, when the stern injunctions of the doctor put an end to the mystery of my torments. My Julia, kneeling by my bedside in an agony of tears from one eye, confessed that the other was an artificial one.

In early youth a mischievous brother, younger than herself, had poked out her natural one with a pair of scissors, and to conceal the deformity, she for years had worn a succession of glass eyes so skilfully made, herself and family fondly believed, as to defy detection. She urged in palliation of the deception practised on me that if I had rejected her because of that one defect she would have died.

Her pleading was so powerful, and she, too, looked so beautiful in her pitiful distress, that I forgave her on the instant, and in a week from that nuptial treaty of peace was walking with her in our little garden with my arm around her waist.

To recruit my health, our firm sent me to Germany, and taking my Julia with me, in Vienna we consulted a celebrated manufacturer of artificial orbs, who furnished her with an eye so artistically made and fixed that in the aftertime the difference became to me so less and less observable, that as I now sit looking at her and our numerous children I mentally bless the day when I was mesmerised into marriage by a glass eye.

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

The name of the Divinity is not oftener blasphemed by the vulgar and thoughtless than is the so-little-understood word of "love" by the millions who think they enter matrimony under its pilotage. It has been wisely but sadly said, that years are necessary to cement a friendship, but months and sometimes weeks and days are considered enough to prepare for that holier state of matrimony. From a false regard to public opinion, or as a matter of convenience, or for the mere purpose of securing a home and being settled in life, thousands enter into the most sacred of human relations, with no such feelings towards each other as will lead them to "bear and forbear." There is a popular feeling that it is somewhat a disgrace to a woman to pass through life unmarried; and, shrinking from that obloquy, multitudes marry according to the forms of law when they are not drawn together by any qualities of mind and soul, and there is no true marriage of heart. What wonder, then, that discontent and misery arise?

Those who thus regard love as a flame that comes like a flash of gunpowder must not feel disappointed if the blackness and desolation that succeed a gunpowder flash is all that is left after their brief infatuation is over. All love before marriage should be a study for love after marriage. If not well understood, its power is apt to become exhausted. Love and courtship is to wedded love what horticulture in books is to horticulture in a garden. The power of love must be measured not by its intensity, but by its effects; by its beneficence in bringing into play a higher range of motives, by the facilities it unfolds, by its skill in harmonizing different natures. One grand mistake is in supposing that love begun is love completed. The orchardist knows that blossoms are not apples; but the lover often thinks they are. The clergyman marries; but marrying is not mating. Not once in a dozen times do two natures brought side by side harmonize in every part. Of nothing are people more ignorant than of human nature. Very rich and fruitful natures are often side by side with very barren ones; noble ones with sordid ones; exquisitely sensitive with intensely tough. And this all results from the want of forethought evinced by people when about to marry. Nine out of ten look upon marriage much as they look upon a lottery bag at a fancy fair—something from which to snatch an article at a venture; and the prizes are not much more numerous in the one than in the other. When there are fewer secret maneuvers and tricks of courtship before marriage, there will be less unhappiness after.

Many counsel the young not to expect too much of love. That is an evil philosophy, however, which advises to moderation by undervaluing the possibilities of a true and glorious love. Happiness in this life depends more upon the capacity of loving than on any other single quality. If men lose all the treasure of love, it does not prove that the treasure is not to be found, but that they have not sought aright. Many men dig for diamonds in love, and only find pebbles in wedded life. The diamonds are there, however; only they know not how to dig for them. In love there are many apartments; but not to selfishness, sensuality, or arrogance, will love yield its full treasure. True love is social regeneration. It is a revolution ending with a new king and with a reconstruction of the soul. The way of the animal is self-seeking; that of man, sacrifice. It is not what we get, but what we give, that makes us happy. It is not self-seeking, but benevolence, that pleases. It is the steady continuity of love that alone can prove all its worth and blessedness. Our advice to the young, then, is, to love, but not love blindly. Justice is represented as blind, in order that under no circumstances can she swerve one hair's breadth from the right, from personal favor or prejudice; but Love, on the contrary, should use her eyes to their fullest extent that in days of courtship no stumbling-blocks should be left to be an annoyance after marriage.

* * *

SOURCE OF CHEERFULNESS.—No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience's sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.

MY FIRST CLIENT.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

[Note. By an oversight, the conclusion of this sketch was omitted in the Second Page.]

have given birth to, I cannot say; for I was saved from the ordeal by hearing a burst, or rather a succession of bursts, of frantic laughter from the room to which Armitage had retired. I pushed the door, which yielded to my touch. My worst fears were realized! HE KNEW ALL. He was lying upon the bed, his feet considerably above his head, cramming a pocket-handkerchief into his mouth, and every now and then breaking out afresh into a peal of maniac laughter.

"Well, Browne, old boy, I hope you've given the new client a good, sound legal opinion. O, dear, my poor sides! Where shall we have dinner, eh, old man?"

"Come, Frank," I said, addressing him more in sorrow than in anger," "don't add insult to injury. You've had the door ajar, you scoundrel; so I needn't tell you any particulars. But at any rate promise me to keep the secret."

"That I'll be hanged if I do, old boy; the joke is a great deal too good to keep to myself. How about *Chitty on Contracts* and *6 Meeson and Welsby?* O, you old imposter! I'll be hanged if I don't tell the story to every fellow I meet."

So, for fear that the facts should be misrepresented—I hate misrepresentation—I determined to tell it myself.

INDIAN LEGEND.

Many years ago there lived a giant in Ceylon, and this giant fell in love with the daughter of another giant at Lucknow, in India; so she asked her father to let him marry her. But he said no, as the other lived on a little island, and was no real gentleman at all. Upon this Master Ceylon determined that, as her father said no, he would take her away without leave, and off he started, seized the young lady, put her on his shoulders, and carried her across to Ceylon. But when the papa found that his daughter was gone, he got into a tremendous rage, and determined to go and punish the Ceylonese. So off he hurried, until he came to the straits which separated the island from the mainland. But when he tried to cross over, he found that he was not quite as tall as the Ceylonese gentleman, by a few hundred yards, and that the water was too deep for him. So he stood still, and scratched his head, and wiped his forehead and thought and pondered what he should do to get across and punish the thief. At last an idea struck him, and he trotted back all up India until he reached the Himalaya Mountains, and snatched up two of the largest of them, one in each hand, threw them into the straits, and thus made it shallow enough for him to pass over. But as he went along some of the rocks and earth slipped through his fingers, for you may suppose his hands were rather full; and the chains of hills which extend from Balasore for nearly three hundred miles are the pieces which he dropped as he went along. This tale does not inform us whether the giant's daughter was restored to him.

GAIETY.

There are two kinds of gaiety; the one arises from *want* of heart; being touched by no pity, sympathizing with no pain even of its own causing, it shines and glitters like a frost-bound river in the gleaming sun. The other springs from *excess* of heart; that is, from a heart overflowing with kindness towards all men and all things; and, suffering under no superadded grief, it is light from the happiness which it sees. This may be compared to the same river, sparkling and smiling under the sun of summer; and running on to give fertility and increase to all within, and even to many beyond, its reach.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

J. K. EMMETT is on his way home from Australia.

"DANCING DOLLS" is the name of the latest London piece.

ROSSI, the Italian tragedian, begins starring in New York September 25th.

JOS. JEFFERSON is to return to America and open at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in November.

MR. B. P. SHILLABER is recovering from the attack of rheumatism which has confined him to his home for some time.

A TRAINING school for young ballet girls is to be established in connection with the new national opera house in London.

ROBERT BROWNING'S new volume of poems will be called "Pachiarotto, and how he worked in distemper with other poems."

DION BOUCICAULT will appear in November next, at Wallack's for a few weeks, in the "Shaughraun," after which, he will travel through the country.

OLE BULL has written a letter from Tyso, Norway, to a Louisville friend, saying that the rumor that he denied being married to his present wife, is a "broadcast lie."

JOHN BROUGHAM has just completed a dramatization of Rhoda Broughton's "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye," for Miss May Howard, the Australian and Chicago actress.

PROFESSOR SIMROCK died in Dresden recently. He was one of the leading scholars of Europe, and his works in poetry, as well as prose, are highly esteemed by all cultivated people.

THE Byron monument in London is to be erected in the Green Park, opposite the mansion formerly numbered as 13, Piccadilly. In this house Lord Byron wrote "The Siege of Corinth."

BESIDES being a magnificent writer, the late George Sand was a pianiste of the first rank. Chopin himself taught her how to play, and the great Liszt also gave her lessons. She never, however, performed in public, that we know of.

THE Actors' Home, for which Edwin Forrest made provision in his will, is now in readiness for the accommodation of twenty-four veterans of the stage, who may fill the conditions of the will. The Home is near Springbrook, Holmesburg, Pa.

CHARLEMAGNE'S secretary was caught by a snow storm sparking the Emperor's daughter, at midnight, and she carried him home on her back, so that his footsteps couldn't be traced. The Emperor heard of it, and saddled him on her for the rest of her life.—*Worcester Press.*

THE spectacle "Baba," at Niblo's, New York, will employ a dramatic company of thirty, a ballet troupe consisting of four premiere danseuses, and four secondes, fifty imported coryphees, sixty extra (native) ballet and figurantes, forty children, and an army of seventy-five supernumeraries.

ALEXANDER DUMAS is responsible for the following: On his first visit to the Salon his attention was called to the superb portrait of the ethereally thin Sarah Bernhardt as L'Etrangere, with her great Russian greyhound lying at her feet. "Ah, yes, I see," he said thoughtfully, "a dog keeping guard over a bone."

FREDERIKA BREMER'S only attempt at poetry in English was written at Niagara. The Swedish novelist was there with James Russell Lowell and his wife. It was presented to Mr. Lowell with a gold pen. Here it is:

A gold pen is a little thing,
But in thy poet hand
It can take life—it can take wing—
Become a magic wand.
More powerful, more wonderful
Than alchemy of old;
It can make minds all beautiful—
Change all things into gold.

ALSON F. BELCHER,
CATERER.
Dining Rooms at 827 and 829 Chestnut street,
Philadelphia.

A HAPPY MOOD

BY T. C. IRWIN.

All that we learn in life is ours—
 Beauties of poetry, forms of art,
Methods of science, all the powers
 Of knowledge blent with head and heart.
Each carries in a single soul
A reflex of the wondrous whole;
All that is and our race have known,
More than our transient shapes, we own:
The past of substance, life, and mind
For e'er within our own enshrined:
The laws that regulate, near and far,
The flower of the field and furthest star;

All of the sun that spirit and eye
 Have seen and proved, to the dimmest shore
Visible in infinity,
 Belongs to us for evermore.
Up and away! we'll hear to-day
 In our sunny brains, for rambles long
 By woods and shores, this latest blown,
 Longest and loveliest summer poem:
And, as we hover round the bay,
 Airy throngs of sweetest songs,
Fragrant as roses, light as foam.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 31, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"THE WINDS WERE STILL."

No life could have been more self-contained than Naomi's in this fair summer time. She claimed sympathy from no one, but bore the anguish of her widowed heart in a resolute silence. From Cynthia she shrank, with a feeling that was more nearly akin to aversion than she would have liked to confess to herself. Womanly instinct had fathomed the mystery of Oswald's defection. She had looked back, and remembered, and weighed looks and tones of his, which had but faintly impressed her at the time, but which now, considered by the light of his subsequent conduct, had fullest significance. His heart had gone astray, and it was to Cynthia, her father's wife, that truant heart had wandered—not with deliberate sinfulness; she could not believe him deliberately wicked. The tempter had set this snare for him, and he had weakly yielded. Cynthia's childish beauty, Cynthia's innocently simple ways, had allured him from the straight path of righteous dealing. He had struggled, poor sinner, fought and striven with the Evil One, and, finding the powers of darkness too strong for him, had turned and fled. It was wisest, it was best so.

Naomi loved him with so fondly indulgent an affection—a passion so unselfish—that she could find it in her heart to forgive him for having fallen away from her. She could pardon and pity him, though he had taken the light and glory out of her life, and left her world empty as an exhausted crater. But she could not so easily forgive Cynthia. Her father's wife should have been above suspicion, unassailable by temptation. And if Cynthia had not shown some tokens of weakness, Oswald would surely have been stronger. Cynthia, the wandering waif, cherished and garnered by the most generous of men, should have loved her husband with a love strong enough to shield her from the possibility of temptation; and yet in this false wife's pallid face, in the heavy eyes, and sad set lips, Naomi read the secret of a guilty sorrow. She, Cynthia, grieved for the absent one—she shared Naomi's sacred grief, she intruded on that privileged domain of fond regret. The knowledge of this silent distress made Naomi angry and unforgiving.

One evening in the beginning of August, soon after Joshua's reading of "Werther," Naomi walked alone in Pentreath Wood. Such lonely evening rambles were her melancholy comfort, and this wood her favorite resort. Her wild garden had been neglected of late. It was too narrow for her grief. Jim, or Aunt Judith, or Cynthia, might intrude upon her at any moment. But here, in this wide shadowy wood, she was really alone—no one to spy out her tears or offer humiliating pity—no companions but the stars high up yonder, shining through overarching beech and oak—the unknown life in brambles and underwood, dry fern, and last year's leaves, which were stirred now and then mysteriously by those unfamiliar creatures that make merry at nightfall or by the distant hoot of some ancient owl, sounding ghostlike in the dimness, or the red-brown cattle lying in the grassy hollows and sheltered corners, restful but unsleeping.

Here Naomi could nurse her grief as she pleased. She could bring forth her sorrow from its hiding-place, and cherish and caress it, as if it had been a fondly-loved child. Here she recalled Oswald's looks and tones, when she had believed him true, and lived over again the happy days in which he had been all her own, the time before Cynthia came and brought sorrow and shameful thoughts into Joshua Haggard's peaceful home. Every turn and wind of the dear old wood, every veteran oak, ferny bank, and knoll and hollow, was associated with that lost lover, and aided fancy to conjure up his image. Here he had read "Ivanhoe," here "Marmion." Here, in a lazy mood, he had lain stretched at full length, and told her the story of Caleb Williams, and how he had once seen Kean play the part of Sir Edward Mortimer in the *Iron Chest*, at the little theatre in Exeter. Here, leaning against the silvery bark of this giant beech, he had recited Byron's "Isles of Greece"—thrilled with a fervor which was almost inspiration. Oh, happy, irredeemable hours—the dead departed delights of life!

Here, on this August evening, Naomi walked and meditated. It was a dim and hazy twilight, with a pale new moon shining faintly behind the tree-tops in a sky of translucent grey. The young trees, and the underwood beneath them, had a ghostly look in this half light. It might have been a scene made up of shadows.

Bitter, beyond all measure of common bitterness, to remember the days—but a little while ago—when Naomi and her lover had roamed in this very wood, when there was but the red-brown glow of coming foliage on the leafless beech boughs, and the chestnut fans were still unfolded, and the anemones whitened the hollows, and the blue dog-violets smiled up at the blue April sky. Cynthia had been with them always—the fair young sick-nurse in her neat grey gown and little Quaker cap. She had been with them, sharing all their talk; and Naomi had nothing suspected, nothing doubted. It was only now that she understood the drama in which her own part had been so sad a one—only now that she could fathom the meaning of that low subdued voice—those pauses of silence, and lapses into dreamy thoughtlessness, which had marked Oswald's manner during this time.

"It was then he began to care for her," she told herself. "God help and pardon them both! I do not believe that either entered deliberately upon this path of sin. But if Cynthia saw that he was so weak—so wicked—she ought to have left the Grange at once; she ought never to have seen him again. It was her duty."

Easy enough to say this, but a moment's reflection showed Naomi that it would have been no easy thing to do. To avoid temptation thus would have been to create a scandal. And Oswald had made no confession of his weakness. Those subtle differences in his tones and looks may have been meaningless for Cynthia.

"No," thought Naomi, with a burst of very human passion, "she must have understood them; his words and looks must have been clear to her—for she loves him."

Pondering thus—as she had pondered on many an evening since her lover's desertion, travelling over and over again the same sad pathway of thought—Naomi came to the skirt of the wood, and from the wood into the park, where the trees stood far apart, and the smooth sward rose and fell in gentle undulations. She could see the house from this point. How lonely it looked, how deserted; a gloomy dwelling that might have been so bright!

"I was to have been a fine lady, with a drawing-room and a conservatory," Naomi said to herself, full of bitterness; "and coaches were to come rolling over that gravel drive, where the weeds grow so thickly. And there were to be lights in all those windows; and music sounding in the night—a life-like fairy-land. Poor Oswald! How he used to talk of our future! And he was true then—he meant all he said. Oh, my dearest, my dearest," she murmured, with clasped hands; "I wanted no lights or music; I wanted no grand visitors—no bliss other than this common world can give, while I had you! My life would have been all happiness, had Providence made you the poorest of God's poor, and our home a hovel, and our days full of toil, if we had only spent them together—if you had only been true to me."

She stopped, with tears rolling down her cheeks—tears that gushed forth unawares at the sweet sad thought of what life might have been. She stood looking straight before her with those tear-dimmed eyes—looking at the dull old house.

Not a gleam of light! Yes; the heavy hall door opens slowly, and she sees the dim lamp within. A figure comes out of the dusky porch, and walks at a leisurely pace along the broad gravel terrace at the side of the house.

Naomi gave a faint awe-stricken cry, as if she had seen a ghost—a cry so faint that it could not reach the ears of yonder solitary muser, pacing the gravel path with bent head. She turned, and hurried back to the wood, and was soon lost in the darkness of that green mystery of oak and beech; and then, secure from observation, walked slowly home, meditating upon what she had seen.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"BUT A STORM WAS COMING."

He had come back—he who had said his path of life was to lie in other lands—he, the self-banished exile, the new Childe Harold. Why had he come? and was it for long? How was it that the village had not been aware of his coming, and made his return common talk—an inevitable consequence of such knowledge? Had he any purpose in returning secretly—in hiding himself from his little world? Naomi was perplexed and troubled by these unanswerable questions.

It was late when she entered the little parlor at home. Prayers were over, and the family were seated in the usual formal array round the temperately furnished board. The huge junk of single Gloucester, about the size and shape of one of those granite slabs which bestrew the path of the adventurous tourist who temps the perils of the Loggan Rock, stood up in the centre of the table like a family idol, round which the family had assembled for evening worship. The brown beer-jug—simulating a portly figure in a three-cornered hat—occupied its accustomed corner. Everything was precisely as Naomi remembered it in her earliest childhood. The quiet monotony of life had never been disturbed by new crockery, or a change of form and color in the vulgar details of existence. The Druids could hardly have lived more simply than this Methodist household.

And now that the mainspring of life was broken, this sordid sameness seemed odious; nay, almost unbearable. Naomi looked at the familiar home picture with a shudder. Affection gave it no beauty in her eyes to-night. A fair enough picture of domestic peace from the outside, if there had been any one in the street to contemplate that candle-lit circle through the window; some vagabond, perchance, homeless, and deeming that there must be bliss in a home. Yet, save honest Jim, who sat munching his bread-and-cheese with a countenance of equable discontent, there was no member of that family circle whose bosom was not racked by anguish or passion.

"Half-past nine, Naomi!" exclaimed Joshua, looking up reproachfully, as his daughter came into the room. "The first time I've read prayers without you since I can remember—except when you've been ill. What has kept you so long?"

"I've been frightened," answered Naomi, looking not at her father, but at Cynthia. "I was in Pentreath Park, and I thought I saw a ghost."

"A ghost, Naomi? I thought you were too good a Christian to believe in such folly."

"Saul saw a ghost," interjected Jim, with his mouth full of lettuce, "and you wouldn't say that was folly."

"Saul lived in days when God taught His children by miracles."

"And if Providence chose to send a ghost to Combhollow, who's to hinder it?" cried Jim, with unconscious irreverence. "I'm sure ghosts are wanted—people are wicked enough. I dare say the Cock Lane ghost would have done a deal of good if a pack of busybodies hadn't made her out an impostor. And there are the ghosts that worried the Wesley family. You can't fly in *their* faces."

"Sit down to your supper, Naomi," said Joshua, rebuking Jim's flippancy by a grave disregard which was more crushing than remonstrance; "you ought not to be wandering about so late of nights. It is not respectable."

Naomi sighed and made no answer. Those weary ghosts in Dante's nether world wandering in their circles of despair might have felt very much as she did, had any accuser charged them with levity or unseemly conduct. She looked at her father with eyes full of wondering reproachfulness, as if she would have said, "Can you, who know my burden, upbraid me?"

"What about the ghost?" asked Aunt Judith, sweeping her crumbs into a neat little heap with the back of her knife. "Don't tell me it was Mr. Trimmer. Sally had the impudence to hint at his walking, only last Sunday night; but I think I stopped her tongue."

Mr. Trimmer was a retired miller who had died of dropsy "upstairs," and who was supposed to be not quite comfortable in his mind about the division of the property which he had left behind him, about which there had been some squabbling among his nephews and nieces. This disagreement of the miller's heirs had given rise to the report of ghostly visitations—of an erratic and and unconsecutive character—on the part of he had spread over the dusty moth-eaten the miller.

"I won't swear to his having walked," cried Jim, eagerly; "but there have been groans heard down at the red mill. *That* I can vouch for, because Joe Davis's father heard it coming home from his work last Saturday night."

"Why, Trimmer hadn't worked the mill for ten years," exclaimed Aunt Judith. "What could he want down there."

"To look after the money he'd buried," replied Jim, with conviction. "You may depend that what he's left behind him above ground isn't half what he's left beneath."

"Was it Trimmer?" asked Judith, letting her natural love of the marvellous get the better of common sense.

"No," answered Naomi; "it was nothing but fancy, I dare say. The mists were rising—white clouds of vapor that looked like the shadows of the dead."

"Let there be no more said upon the subject," said Joshua, sternly. "It is sinful to dwell upon such folly. Eat your supper, Naomi, and let there be none of these evening wanderings."

It is not easy to eat when one is bidden. The home-made bread, sweet as it was, seemed bitter to Naomi's parched mouth. She drank a long draught of water and held her peace, and there was silence till the end of the meal. Naomi lifted her downcast eyelids once or twice, and looked at Cynthia with thoughtful scrutiny. There was nothing in the young wife's countenance to betray any knowledge of Oswald's return to the Grange. There was only that settled sadness which had become a part of the sweet face lately.

"She will know very soon, I dare say," thought Naomi, bitterly. "It is not to see me that he has come back."

Her heart burned with indignation, as if Cynthia had, by some unholy witchcraft, some subtle silent exercise of womanly artifice, lured the false lover back to her net. She could not give her credit for innocence, or even for helpless unconscious yielding to a guilty love. No, it was her fault that Oswald had gone astray. Had she been strong in purity of heart, Oswald would never have been so weak.

When the time came for bidding good night, and Cynthia approached with her pretty pleading look and rose-bud mouth ready to kiss, Naomi turned away from her stepmother with a stony face and left the room in silence. Cynthia looked after her wonderingly, but said not a word. She knew too well what it meant. Oswald's treachery had made a lasting breach between them. Her only hope was that Joshua had not seen that cruel repulse. But he had seen it, and formed his own conclusions thereupon.

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"Will he come, will he come to see me?"

This was the question which Naomi asked herself when she arose next morning, to see another peerless summer day smiling at her, but to feel none of the joy of the harvest, only a heart as dull and desolate as if she had awakened to find herself amidst some dwindled hope-forsaken band hemmed round by cruel Arctic seas. What was summer to her, or harvest, or all the common joys of life—joys that gladden hearts which are *not* broken?

All through the feverish wakeful night the same doubt had agitated Naomi's mind. Might not her lover have repented and returned to her? So blessed a thing was just possible. He had loved her dearly once; surely that old love could not die. He had often told her that love was deathless. Fancy had gone astray, perhaps, and love had been true all the time. Absence had taught him that she was still dear. Oh, how tenderly she would have welcomed the returning prodigal, could she but be sure of his repentance, sure that her love could even yet make him happy! Thus argued hope; but despair took the other side. He had come back in secret, for some evil purpose. He had come back to see Cynthia.

This day would show whether he meant well or ill. If well, he would not fear to show himself at Mr. Haggard's house. He would come, and make peace with his betrothed. Oh! long hours of waiting, between morning prayer and noontide—hours in which the simple household tasks were performed while the girl's heart was given to alternate hope and despair! Would he prove true and good, despite of all that had gone before?

Noon came, and dinner, and afternoon, and he did not appear. Hope died in Naomi's breast. She went about the house listlessly, yet was too restless to sit long at her work. It happened to be a busy afternoon in the drapery department, and Aunt Judith was too well employed behind the counter to observe her niece's idle moving to and fro, or else there would have been the small bitterness of that maiden lady's lectures superadded to the great bitterness of Naomi's despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Golden sunbeams danced through the trees, throwing flickering shadows on the smooth green sward. The west wind breathed gently its cooling breath, and the happy birds twittered in their leafy coverts. The fitful sound of music and the hum of gay young voices floated out of the open window of Eton Villa.

A slight, girlish form parted thes weeping curtains, and flitted out into the broad verandah. A happy smile lighted up her fair face. She leaned against the vine-wreathed balustrades in pensive attitude, and toyed with the drooping flowers of the tangled vine. With a far-off look in her eyes, she weaved, in fancy's loom, golden dreams of the future.

A face of manly mould, with earnest black eyes, graced by heavy curling whiskers and neatly trimmed moustache, glanced out at the graceful little figure, and, with a loving look on his handsome countenance, joined her.

"How now, dear Maud," he exclaimed; "are you wearied with the gay chattering of the lively group within?"

"No, Guy; but I like to steal away and indulge in my own thoughts sometimes."

"Castle-building, eh? I hope you give me a prominent position in your airy dwelling," he said, smiling.

She gave a happy little laugh.

"Never fear, sir, but what you will get all you deserve."

"And more, dear," he answered, "if fate reserves for me this dear hand."

"Maud! Maud! where are you?" shouted a ringing, merry voice. "Oh, there you are; and according to the fitness of things, your shadow beside you. Come in here, both of you, if you can condescend to the realities of this mundane sphere, and give us the benefit of your sage counsel."

And the laughing, piquant face of Maggie Eaton, Maud's younger sister, disappeared behind the curtains.

Passing into the room, Maud and her companion, Guy Halifax, were saluted with a host of queries and exclamations.

"Oh don't consent to such a scheme," said timid May Lee, in a pleading voice.

"Oh, yes, do, Maud. Guy will, I know. It will be gay sport to chase spectres at midnight," chimed in the spirited voice of Maggie.

"Oh, Maggie, how can you jest so?" said Fanny Gamble. "If you found yourself in the presence of a real ghost, you would run from it, instead of after it."

"What is it all about?" asked Guy Halifax, gazing in astonishment at the excited group before him.

"Why, just this," answered Robert Norman, constituting himself spokesman for the party; "we were discussing ghosts and kindred subjects, when that madcap, Maggie,"—casting an admiring glance at her saucy face—"rehearsed for our benefit the story of the Leslie haunted house, and concluded with the audacious proposal that the entire party should spend the night there, and engage in the exciting pastime of chasing spirits."

Guy laughed, and said, "Well, in my opinion, she would have a long watch and no game."

"That's my opinion, too," said Robert; "but some of the ladies are frightened at the idea, and disavow all desire to try the experiment."

"Shame on them," said Maggie, "for showing the white feather. But I'm determined to go, if I go alone."

"Oh; dreadful—shocking!" chorused a half-dozen female voices.

"What do you say, Maud?" asked Maggie, nothing daunted. "You're not afraid, I know, for you always were a brave girl."

"No, indeed; I am no believer in ghosts of haunted houses; and yet I think it a foolish tax on the nerves to stay in that gloomy, tumble-down house all night."

"Nerves! Pshaw! I haven't any such troublesome things about me, and if you are all such cowards, why, I'll go alone."

"If you are determined to go, Maggie, why, I will accompany you," said Robert Norman, who was her accepted lover, "and see that the ghosts do not spirit you away."

Here followed an animated discussion upon the propriety and safety of the scheme; but Maggie persisting in her determination, they all finally agreed to the proposed visit.

Mrs. Eaton offered some feeble resistance to the proposed plan, but her husband said, "Let the young folks have their own way. There's naught to harm them."

So Mrs. Eaton made no further objections, but ever thoughtful for the comfort of her guests, dispatched some servants immediately—for they could not be persuaded to approach the house after dark—with refreshments, blankets and materials for light and fire.

The Leslie mansion was not very far from Eaton Villa. The evening was very bright and cloudless, and the gay party started off about nine o'clock with laugh and jest, to walk to its haunted precincts.

"Here, Guy," shouted Mr. Eaton, as they started down the garden walk, "take this with you," handing him a loaded pistol. "You'll not be troubled with ghostly visitants; but if your adventure should get abroad, some meddling vagabond might attempt to impose upon the ladies' credulity, and nothing could better ensure your protection against such rogues."

They walked blithely on, and soon stood before the deserted dwelling. It loomed up gloomily and repellent upon their gaze. The weird moonlight streamed through the dusky trees and matted vines that encompassed it, making misty, creeping shadows as the leaves fluttered in the sighing breeze. The gaping windows, with their broken panes, seemed blackened by a thick, impenetrable darkness. The quick rush of frightened birds, and the hooting of a disturbed owl, fell ominous on their ears. The light song and gay jest died away, and all felt oppressed with a nameless fear.

The great door, as it yielded to their touch, creaked dismally upon its rusty hinges; and the firm tread of Guy, who had volunteered to precede them and strike a light, resounded hollow through the dismantled hall.

The familiar sputter of a match, and the faint glimmer of a candle, however, soon restored their faltering courage. Soon a cheery fire of blazing logs crackled defiantly in the chimney; and under the influence of light and heat, their gaiety soon returned.

They drew forward two moth-eaten lounges that stood grimly against the mouldy walls, and covered them with the blankets which Mrs. Eaton's care had provided. A time-stained, forbidding-looking table, too, was drawn out of its obscure corner, and made the receptacle for the contents of two plethoric-looking hampers.

"What a novel affair," laughed jollie Maggie. "A midnight picnic in an enchanted house, with any quantity of ghosts expected to assist in the consumption of the good things."

"Oh, Maggie!" exclaimed Maud, "you're not orthodox; ghosts don't eat."

"Don't they, though?" returned the light-hearted Maggie; "then it is because they don't get the chance. If I only see one I'll ask him to eat, and you'll see if he refuses."

"He!" laughed Robert, mischievously. "You seem to imagine that all spirits are of the masculine gender."

"Oh, I'll leave all the females to you," said Maggie, with a sly twinkle of the eye. "You are wondrous fond of them, you know."

"Only one," he whispered, stooping to cut a knot that defied her deft little fingers.

While the ladies were busy arranging everything at their command in the most comfortable manner, two of the gentlemen explored the rest of the house; but soon returned, saying that they had discovered nothing but dirt and cobwebs.

They gathered around the table and discussed the tempting viands. Song, gay repartee, and lively chit-chat passed the hastening hours.

Midnight! The very word brought with it a shuddering fear. The ladies ceased their flippant chat, and cast nervous glances over their shoulders. Even the bolder masculine souls grew more quiet, and less boastful.

The moments flew on, and no ghost was seen, or heard. Weary eyes, in spite of their fears, grew dull, and sleepily closed. Sudden visions, rattling of detached plaster, creaking of loose timbers, or the melancholy chirp of some bird disturbed in its slumber, would start the listless forms, and open the sleepy eyes in luminous fear; but gradually nature overcame their sleepy watchfulness, and all except Guy were closely locked in the arms of Morpheus.

Guy glanced round him with a smile. The curly head of the intrepid Maggie rested on the shoulder of Robert Norman, where he had placed it, apprehensive of speedy dislocation of her neck for her violent nods, as she wholly succumbed to her weariness. The other ladies were on the lounges in somnolent attitudes, while the gentlemen reclined on chairs.

Maud, sweet Maud: his gaze lingered lovingly on her dear face. She reclined in the cumbersome armchair opposite him. One rounded cheek pressed the shawl which he had spread over the dusty moth-eaten cover. Her dark ringlets, picturesquely dishevelled, clustered in rippling confusion about her face; her white dimpled hands clasped negligently in her lap. A sweet picture she made; the flickering shadows from the ruddy firelight stealing over her. Guy's heart throbbed with excess of love as he gazed.

But gradually the silence grew irksome, almost insupportable. Extremely weary, his eyelids heavy with sleep, yet anxious forebodings chased away his desire for rest. A sharp sense of coming evil had haunted him during the evening, and it now returned with overwhelming force; and he determined not to yield to drowsiness, but watch and wait.

Time dragged heavily along. Guy, with his head resting wearily upon his hand, was dreamily meditating.

A slight noise aroused him from his reverie. Raising his eyes, he beheld, to his dismay, a phantom crowd glide in from the unopen door. He gazed with mingled awe and wonder, and a thrill of fear and a sense of icy coldness swept over him. The outlines of the shapes were dim, and faded into nothingness; they seemed to sway and hover in the air. They were all skeletons, and their fleshless jaws grinned sardonically, and an intense unearthly light shone from their empty eye-sockets.

They took no notice of the unconscious sleepers, but turned their fleshless faces towards Guy. He felt their baleful glances, and his blood chilled with horror. They pointed their bony fingers at him and gesticulated angrily, as if incensed at his presence.

Finally, one more hideous-looking than any of the rest, glided menacingly towards him, his fleshless bones clattering as he approached.

Palsied with horror, Guy remained motionless. Not until he felt its cold, deathly grip around his throat did he rouse from his lethargy. Shaking off the grinning horror with a desperate effort, he seized the pistol before him, and discharged it at his grisly foe.

The sharp report rang echoing through the house. Every one started to their feet; the ladies in abject terror, and the men in wondering consternation.

Guy glanced bewildered about him. The phantoms had fled, but—oh! horror!—Maud Eaton, his dear betrothed, lay weltering in her life's blood.

He had shot her in a hideous dream, and, paralyzed with horror and remorse, he sank insensible to the floor.

The fearful realization of the awful tragedy before them burst upon the bewildered senses of the awe-stricken party. They gathered, mute and unnerved, around the prostrate forms of the victim and her unwitting murderer.

The red rays of the morning sun trembled in the east, and flushed the dull gray sky with rosy light. Out of the grim portals of the ill-fated house shudderingly passed the returning party. Two rough litters had been hastily constructed, upon which reposed the lifeless body of the hapless Maud, and the still unconscious form of poor Guy. Maggie walked beside her slain sister, with a dazed expression in her dark eyes, remorsefully murmuring, "It is my sin! It is my sin!"

As they neared the house, Robert Norman hastened forward to break the dreadful news to the unsuspecting parents. At the sight of the still form of Maud, and the ghastly features of Guy, Mrs. Eaton sank helpless to the floor.

The guests, aided by the weeping servants, set about their mournful tasks. They carried Guy's prostrate form to a bed-chamber, and sent for a physician to attend him. They applied restoratives to the poor heart-broken mother, and tenderly and pityingly prepared Maud for the grave.

It seemed a dream!—so young, so full of hope! Oh! cruel fate, couldst thou not have stolen the sweet young life in a less fearful way!—but to fall by the hand of the one she loved so well, aye, one who would have given his own heart's blood to have spared her one fleeting pang of sorrow!

When Guy arose from his bed, a shattered, broken-hearted man, the wintry snows were heaped high above Maud's dreamless bed. A few years of restless wanderings; his hair blanched, and his face wrinkled with bitter grief and gnawing remorse; a lone journey to the grave of his murdered betrothed, a gasping cry for forgiveness, and the worn and weary victim of a cruel fate was stretched cold and lifeless on the damp sod.

MARRIED WOMEN AND OLD MAIDS

BY ONE OF THE LATTER.

Somebody says, "If you want to know to what degree of pathos a tale of the affections may be carried, ask an old maid to tell you her love story." I agree with the writer perfectly, with a difference. I say, ask a married woman to to tell you hers; for, of all disappointments, hers is generally the greatest.

The old maid may adore the memory of one who lies beneath the turf—may watch perpetually for the return of some sailor who went down with his vessel years ago in mid-ocean; or she may have been jilted out and out, or loved one who cared little for her; but nothing does she know of the disappointments of a disappointed wife. Perhaps I know a hundred women; out of them all not ten quite happy. They may live in palaces and wear purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; but disappointment is written on almost every brow; while that of many an old maid is smooth and happy, or would be but for her envy of those who wear the wedding ring.

If one is never queen, one never pines for a crown; but to be queen for awhile and then lie humbled in the dust, crushes the very heart. Every lover makes his love a queen in courting days. She is beautiful—she is good; her whims are law, her silliest speech wisdom. If she desires anything greatly, it must be hers; and he is always at her service, ready to do her bidding; but in a year or two it is he himself who tears off the crown and dashes down the sceptre his own hand bestowed. He is tired of courtesy, tired of tenderness, tired of love and of respect. The husband who rises, phœnix-like, from the lover's ashes, is the being from whom a woman almost always bears more coarseness, more bitterness, more cruelty, more sins of omission and commission, than from any other earthly being.

You see a girl marry—she is rosy, bright of eye, fair of brow, golden-haired, and dimpled; ten years after, you meet her; she is lead-colored and dull, her hair is grayish, her figure sharp; she has not good health; and yet her home is a palace, her servants legion, and her dress perfect. Want has not dimmed her beauty, nor great care. It is the death of love beside her hearthstone that has so changed her. What does he care for her now, this man who was her life? Nothing. The love-look is gone—the smile, the tender grasp of the hand, the wish to make her happy, the pride in her, the endearing confidence. He says little bitter things about her looks, about her manners, about her opinions, not knowing—for men are obtuse in such things—that it is this that has altered them; that had he been her lover always, the sweet smile of her girlhood would have remained to bless him—the brightness of her eye, the rose upon her cheek—that, sharing his home, his name, and his fortune, this poor woman is more bitterly disappointed than any old maid of them all, how great soever her bitterness.

These women often try to hide their words, but they peep out too plainly. They will say, "You know, I'm alone a great deal, Mr. Smith is so busy," and you know what it means. They will say, "I don't go anywhere. Mr. Smith can't find time;" and you feel sure that not *time*, but inclination, is needed; and you catch them in dingy dressing gowns, and slippers down at the heel, and know by these tokens that nobody cares at home how they look now.

Of course there are good husbands who are lovers all their lives, and you know their wives by their young, happy looks in a minute.

I remember one dear old lady who used, at seventy, to put on her cap with blue ribbons before her husband came to dinner, and never failed to receive a kiss on both cheeks when he did come—who made me, with her forty-five years' experience of matrimony, quite envy it. But, rather than be as wretchedly disappointed as most married women, I would be willing to remain a spinster all my life, and end my days working impossible shepherds in Berlin wool, and writing sentimental verses to the young prince who never came over the mountains to marry me—a great deal rather; or even would it be happier to keep the remembrance of one whose brief life was all love—who passed away like a dream, with all his love about him—than to look up into a face once sweet with smiles, now either frowning or indifferent; and to know that there remained of those young love-vows nothing but cold duty—perhaps, not even that.

ALWAYS be at work for the attainment of an object. If the object itself is not important, the pursuit is. The fox, when caught, is worth nothing; he is followed for the pleasure of the following.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HOG CHOLERA.—As a preventive or cure for this disease, take one peck of wood ashes, four pounds of salt, one pound of black antimony, seven pounds of copperas, one pound of sulphur, and a quarter of a pound of saltpetre. Pound these very fine, mix them well, and keep the mixture in a trough where the animals can go to it at will. They will use what they need of it, and no more.

YOUR HORSES.—When you have so good a machine as a horse is, keep him like a machine, in good condition, without straining and without exposure to the cold and wet when he is not in exercise. The difficulty is to get a good team, good all round, well broke, of good size, reliable, true and tough, and working well together. Such a team is worth something, and should be taken care of, for a half-dozen years cut off from their time is of much importance, to say nothing of rematching and rebreaking a pair.

HOW TO STACK GRAIN.—The main points to be observed in stacking are:

1. Keep your centre full, thereby giving your outside courses a steep pitch.
2. Always have the top of your sheaves point to the centre.
3. A symmetrical form of stack.

Inexperienced stackers are apt to build too high, and run their stacks up to a spire-like point. This is unnecessary and unsightly, and the tops are liable to be blown off. It is the pitch of the sheaf, and not the pitch of the top that makes it water-proof. An egg-shape is the best form for a stack.

TO PRESERVE POTATOES.—This method, as recommended by the Board of Agriculture, is to dig, in a very dry spot, trenches, six feet wide and eighteen inches deep; spread straw, to pile the potatoes into the shape of the roof of a house, and to cover tight and close with straw, six inches thick, and then with earth fifteen or eighteen inches more, flatted regularly and firmly, and sharp at top, raised from three to five feet above ground. If there should be any apprehension of moisture, dig a trench at a fews yards off, deeper than that in which the potatoes are laid. The drier they are, when thus packed up, the safer they will be.

THE USE OF CHARCOAL.—By keeping charcoal in a hog-pen there will be but little odor or disagreeable smell, as is usual. The hogs will thrive better and faster than in a strong smelling style. They will consume a large quantity of it, which undoubtedly does them good. Some should be powdered and some left in chunks; the powdered absorbs the wet, and the hogs will eat the lumps as they desire it. The refuse makes an excellent manure for onions or any vegetables. By putting a small quantity in the horse stable every day, under the horse, will absorb the wet, and keep the stable perfectly sweet and wholesome. As it is removed from the stable, keep it under shelter, dry it, and sow it on the meadows; the increase in the crop will pay for the trouble. Charcoal is also very valuable for the cow stable, the sheep pen, and the poultry house.

VALUE OF POULTRY MANURE.—The *American Agriculturist* says hen manure is almost identical in quality and effect with guano, and may be used in the same manner. Its value, if free from foreign matter and dry, is $30 per ton. The *Poultry World* estimates it to be almost equal to guano in richness, and a correspondent of that paper says he prefers it to the best Peruvian guano. The *Live Stock Journal* estimates that a hen will produce one bushel of manure per year, which is worth $1. Lewis Dunbar, at West Bridgewater, Mass., according to statements in the transactions of the Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts, values poultry manure at $1 per bushel. It will be seen from these facts that the value of the manure is an important item in the profits of poultry.

FOR SORE BACK.—A horse with a sore back is almost, if not quite, as bad as a lame one. The following method of curing him may be useful to some readers: Let the sore be washed in warm water, not very hot; nor must the place be rubbed in the least by the cloth, but it must be dabbed, and this must be continued for an hour or two, till a white film comes over the wound, when it must be well wet with a strong solution of chloride of lime and water, and left so that it cannot be rubbed either by clothing or roller. It will get well almost immediately. There is no cure like this. It is also an excellent plan, when the place is only small, to have a very thick saddle-cloth, with a hole punched in exactly where the sore presses.

TO KEEP APPLES.—When this fruit is to be preserved, too much care cannot be taken in gathering them. Every one should be rejected that is not perfectly sound, as the slightest blemish very soon exerts an injurious effect upon the surrounding apples. Some are regulated in gathering the fruit by the fall of the leaf, but some species are found to keep best when allowed to remain on the tree some time longer, and even to be better for a little frost. Apples should only be gathered during the time of sunshine, or at least never in wet weather. Immediately on being plucked, apples should be laid out in an airy room, for a few days, till the bloom is sufficiently dried. They should then be laid carefully one by one in a barrel or chest. Some prefer packing them in clean straw, hay, bran, or sand, but these to a certain extent taint the fruit when they have been kept any length of time. They are best when packed carefully by themselves, and examined occasionally, to remove any that appear blemished.

How Delightful

It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, etc. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as George W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers. Depot, 5 Gold street, New York. Price, 75 cents.

OUR BOYS & GIRLS

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

Harry and Bessie went to spend the afternoon with their old grandmother.

She was glad to have the children for company, and they were equally glad to go to see her, for, besides the pleasure of drinking tea with her, grandmother was such a famous hand at telling nice stories, that both Harry and Bessie always enjoyed their visits.

This afternoon, as soon as they were seated, and had talked for a few minutes, Bessie, who was an industrious little girl, took her thimble out of her pocket, and began to mend some clothes for her grandmother; and presently Harry got his knife and was very busy cutting some wood into pegs. His father sold these pegs at a shop where he was employed in the next town, and Harry had the money towards buying a new suit for Sundays.

It was not long, you may be sure, before one of the children said, "Now, grandmother, won't you tell us a story, please?" and the kind old grandmother, willing to oblige them, said she would, and that it should be about a little boy who made clothes-pegs for sale.

"About me, grandmother?" asked Harry.

"About you, Harry!" exclaimed Bessie; "I should think not, indeed: what have you ever done that is worth putting into a story?"

Grandmother smiled. "No," she said, "it is not not about you. The name of my boy was John, and he lived more than two hundred miles away from here. His mother was a poor widow woman, and she had several little children younger than he. How she managed to get a living at all, I don't know; but they seldom had quite enough to eat, and sometimes they were very badly off indeed. John was but a little fellow—not as big as you are, Harry—when he learned to make pegs and to carry them about to people's doors to sell.

"He did not earn much in this way. Sometimes he returned at night with scarcely a penny; now and then, however, he did better, and the smallest trifle was of use to them.

"But one winter it happened that food was very dear, and money very scare. John's mother, too, became very weak and poorly; and at length her head ached so violently that she could not bear to lift it from the pillow. It was with a heavy heart that poor John left her and set out to try whether he could sell enough pegs to procure a loaf of bread with, for there was scarcely a crust in the house, and not a particle of tea. John was a good boy, and as he walked sorrowfully along, he prayed to God to help them and send them something to eat. He had scarcely finished praying when his foot struck against something, and looking to the ground, he saw a purse of money."

"Capital!" said Harry; "I am so glad."

"So am I," said Bessie; "how soon God answered his prayer, grandmother."

"So John thought, Bessie. He picked up the purse with a joyful heart; but then he thought, 'Is this really mine? somebody must have lost it. Ought I to keep it without making any inquiry about it?'

"Looking up, he saw at a few yards distance an old gentleman walking leisurely along. The road was a very long one, and as there was no one else in sight, the purse most likely belonged to him.

"'But what if it does?' something seemed to whisper in John's ear; 'he can do without it better than you can; he has a good hat and a handsome overcoat on; no doubt he has plenty more money at home, and will hardly miss this. And think how much good it would do your mother!

It would buy all you want, and very likely keep you from going into the workhouse, as you will otherwise be obliged to do. Now don't be foolish; put it in your pocket; nobody will know.'

"John was sorely tempted, and he almost yielded; but he knew what he ought to do, and he looked to God for strength. The next minute he was running as fast as he could to overtake the old gentleman."

"Hurrah!" cried Harry.

"It seems a pity, though," sighed little Bessie, "that it wasn't right for him to keep it."

"'If you please, sir,' said John, breathlessly—if you please, sir, have you dropped a purse?'

"The old gentleman looked surprised, and was going to say No; but he put his hand first into his pocket, and found that his purse was not there. 'Yes, indeed, I have,' he said. 'Have you found it, my little man? it is a dark blue one.'

"John immediately produced it. 'Then here it is, sir; I have just picked it up in the road.'

"I must have drawn it out with my handkerchief, I suppose, for I had not missed it. You are an honest lad, and I am much obliged to you.

"'Let me see! what must I give you for bringing it back to me?'

"'Nothing, sir, thank you,' answered John; 'but if you would buy a few of my pegs, sir, I should be very glad.'

"'Well, I don't understand much about pegs,' replied the old gentleman, good-humouredly; 'but I live close by here, and if you will come in with me, I will speak to my housekeeper about them?'

"John followed the old gentleman, indoors; and the housekeeper soon agreed to buy all the pegs that he had, and to pay him double the price for them that, he usually got. She also gave him some cold meat and bread; and while he was eating that the old gentleman asked him about his home and his mother, until he knew all their difficulties. He told John that he would call and see his mother in the course of the day. He kept his promise, and from that day the poor widow never wanted a friend. The old gentleman had plenty of money, and he liked to help deserving people; so he not only supplied John's mother with money for present need, but, as soon as she was stronger, he stocked a nice little shop for her, by means of which she was able to provide for herself and family.—

"So John's prayer was answered, you see, although not exactly in the way you expected."

"And what became of John, grandmother?"

"When he was old enough, the old gentleman apprenticed him to a carpenter; and he grew up to be a steady, pious young man, and he has got children and grand-children of his own now."

"He must be an old man," said Harry.

"Yes, he is; his hair is quite gray; but he never forgets God's goodness to him when he was a boy."

"How I should like to see him, grandmother!" said Bessie, looking up from her work.

"Should you, Bessie? Well, your wish may soon be gratified, for I expect he will be with us at tea-time. Look! there he is coming in at the gate."

Bessie jumped up from her work; Harry tumbled down his wood basket; both rushed eagerly to the window. "Why, Bessie," exclaimed Harry, "it's grandfather!"

LADY VAVASOUR;

OR ARCHIE'S PROMISE.

"You will not forget me, Archie, when you are among those beautiful Belgravian ladies, will you?" said the pretty girl, who stood with her plump arm on the garden gate, and her eyes uplifted to the tall young gentleman on the other side.

"Forget you, darling! Why should I? Haven't I spent my whole lifetime among these London ladies of whom you speak? Ah, Letty, you do not know me!"

She looked up and held her lips for a kiss.

"Forgive me, Archie. But if you should forget me, it would kill me; I could not live without you."

And thus they parted.

They had met but a few months before. He, a handsome and polished gentleman; she, a simple, beautiful country maiden. They loved. He, with the passion of a man whose heart was world-hardened and careless—she, with all a woman's trust and strength.

"I will never forget you, my own Letty!"

The words rang a sweet music in her ear, and kept back the loneliness which threatened to overwhelm her. He went forth with them upon his lips, and remembered them until the busy metropolis, and its thousand cares and joys, came, to shut them from his memory.

The first letter he sent her was long and full of pathos and love. The second, shorter, and yet tender and loving. The third, still shorter and business-like. The fourth—well, there never was a fourth. All this while sweet Letty Gray worked on busy as a bee, and waited with patience for the letters which were to be her life. She read them as they came, and treasured them up in the little mahogany box, together with his picture which he had given her; and night after night, in the solitude of her little room, she sat and read them over and over again, and kissed them through her tears.

Ah, Archie Eardley, you little knew the wealth of love which lay stored within that pure, sinless heart for you! Had you but known, methinks you would have turned back from the bustling life, and gathered her in your arms and kept her there forever.

But he knew not. Life had been rough and beset with difficulties; and disappointment had made him cold and selfish. Perhaps in early life he had loved as she now loved, and had been grievously disheartened. If not, it was something that had blighted his best feelings and made him false.

She waited until her heart grew sick, but no sign or word from him; and at last she took the mahogany box, and its cherished contents, and hid them away, burying her love with it.

* * * * * * *

A tired, world-weary man was Archie Eardley eight years later, when again his foot pressed his native soil, and his heart more hard and selfish than when he left little Letty Gray that summer morning at the cottage gate.

He had wandered through Europe, until its scenes of interest grew dull and meaningless, and his heart yearned for his native land. And yet what was there to greet him? Nothing! Neither home, father, mother, sister, brother, wife, nor love.

Something brought back the old cottage, the fair-haired girl, who waved her hand to him from the gate, and blessed him as he went. It might have been far different, had he heeded and cared for her.

"It might have been!"

The beautiful lines of Whittier's poem came up to memory:

> "Of all sad words of tongue and pen,
> The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

Yes. There might have been a wife and home for him. But, alas! It was too late, and there was nothing left but the bitter knowledge of his own folly.

He was weary, and he turned his face towards his native London, and found at *least a welcome* from some distant relatives.

"You will go to-night to Lady Beckley's reception, won't you, Archie?" asked his pretty cousin, Mrs. Watson. "It will be a grand affair, and all the first people will be there. I have many celebrities to show you. You must see Lady Vavasour. She is the *belle* of our circle this winter.

"Is she handsome?"

"Superb! Beautiful! Everybody is crazy about her. I doubt me much, coz, if even in your wide travels you ever met a woman more lovely."

"I have seen many fair women."

"You will pronounce her queen of all. Mr. Wylde, who but lately returned from a Continental tour, says he never beheld a woman so beautiful. Promise me that you will go and see her."

"I will go to the reception, for I want to meet my old friends."

He had been in crowds until he hated them; but the elegant saloons, the heavy perfume-laden air, the brilliant dresses, the sparkle of jewels, and above all, the many dear familiar faces, charmed him for the time, and he remained contented and at ease.

It was late; and heated with dancing, he drew his partner, who was an old friend, to a divan near the window, and sat chatting with her of the bygone days, when suddenly there was a low murmur near him.

A voice said—"See here comes Lady Vavasour! What perfect beauty!"

"Mr. Eardley," whispered his companion, "Look, there is Lady Vavasour!"

He looked in the direction indicated, and his heart beat wildly at the sight.

It was a woman, with a face of marble whiteness, save where a faint tinge of pink crept in and dyed it with a roseate glow; and a pair of large liquid blue eyes, fringed by curling lashes of wondrous length and beauty. Her rippling hair swept back in golden waves from the broad brow, and was half confined by a tiara of diamonds. The mouth, tender, proud and womanly, was wreathed in smiles, and thus revealed the pure white teeth within. Her dress—a rich blue velvet—was made low to display the exquisite shoulders; and the white beautifully rounded arms were bare to the shoulder.

A mist floated before his eyes; and instead of this glorious woman and the brilliant ball-room, there came a little vine embowered cottage, a low white fence, a wicket gate, and a trusting girl waving him a sad good-bye. Again, he was leaning over her, saying, "I will never forget you, my own Letty!"

Ah, how poorly he had kept that promise! How many a weary day of forgetfulness had passed! But with this queenly woman came back the old love and Letty Gray. He knew her, notwithstanding the change.

"Who was she?" asked he of his companion.

"I know not. I believe she is a distant relative of Lady Berkley's, and I think Lord Vavasour met her here. There are stories of the marriage being one of convenience. It is hard telling, for they appear happy."

She swept past him with her proud husband; and her jewels flashed so close to Archie's eyes, that he turned his head, and with it hid the sorrow in his face.

He could not silence the cry which came up from his heart; and it was upon his lips for days afterwards.

"Letty, lost, beautiful Letty!"

HERE AND THERE.

THIS sign is displayed at a dining-room on the East Side: Lunch, 15 cents; square meal, $1. "Perfect gorge," $1.25.

WHEN a woman comes to the door and calls after her husband, "Hen-RE-E!"—finishing the last syllable in capital letters—you may know that she is not in a capital humor.

"SAMBO," says Pat, "give us a song." "I can't sing, Massa," replied Sambo. "Can't sing, is it?" responded Pat; "thin what is you stuck in the middle of your fut fur, loike a bird, if you can't sing?"

"PA," said little Jimmie, "I was very near getting to the head of my class to-day." "How is that, my son?" "Why a big word came all the way down to me, and if I could only have spelt it, I would have gone clear up."

A SAN Francisco paper is pleasant reading while one is enjoying a post-prandial cigar. Here is a paragraph: "A Chinaman died of small-pox while lying on a heap of tobacco that was afterwards used in making cigars."

SUITOR—"Well, may I hope, then, dear, that at some future time I may have the happiness of making you my wife?" Charmer—"Yes, I hope so, I'm sure, for I'm getting real tired of suing fellows for breach of promise."

THE owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively: "Are your eyes new ones?"

SISTER—"Well, you know, Bobby, your eye's very inflamed; you can't go out with Tommy Brown till that speck of dust's out of it!" Bobby (anxious to be off)—"I'm all right—I know it's out now—(earnestly)—I—I think I heard it fall!"

A TALL, gaunt Reese river Nevada man walked up to a bar and said: "I've got an aged mother back in Missouri; I was brought up religious; I ain't prepared to die, and what I want to know is, if the snakes is strained out of them air whiskey?"

THIS is the way a citizen of Denver advertises for a lost calf: "Rund away—1 Red and wite cat. His tu be hint leg vas plack, he vas a she calf. Kutpotti vat prings him pack pays 2 tollars. Jacob zuddering, Clear Creek, three miles pehind the pridge."

SAID I to little brother Howard: "There! your toes are out of your stockings again; seems to me they wear out in a hurry." Giving a comical leer, he said; "Do you know why stockings wear out first at the toes?" "No." "Because toes wiggle, and heels don't."

"WHERE'S the bar?" asked a dirty-looking stranger of the bell-boy of the hotel the other day. "What kind of a bar?" asked the latter. "Why, a saloon bar, of course; what do you suppose I mean?" "Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap."

A COCKNEY at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked them, replied: "They are 'andsome, quite so; but they don't quite answer my hexpectations; besides, I got thoroughly vetted, and lost my 'at. I prefer to look at 'em in an hengraving, in 'ot weather, and in the 'ouse."

HE wrote and told her he would be around at eight o'clock in the evening, concluding his note with the following couplet:

> "With breath as sweet as roses
> Thou'lt breathe upon me, love."

And she coldly answered: "You'd better not come; we had onions in the soup to-day."

A CHINAMAN'S teeth began to chatter over the ice cream. He buttoned up his jacket and swallowed another mouthful. That settled it. He jumped from the table and started to where the sun could shine on him, exclaiming: "Whoopee! Damme cold grubbee! No cookee nuff! Fleeze Chinaman's belly alle same like ice wagon!"

"SPEAKING of bathing," said Mrs Partington, from behind the steam that arose from her tea as a veil to her blushes when touching upon so delicate a subject, "some can bathe with perfect impurity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands, but for my part, I prefer to have the water a little torpid."

THE other day a Vicksburg father gently said: "Don't stuff victuals into your mouth that way, my son; George Washington didn't eat after that fashion." The boy, after pondering for a while, remarked to himself: "And I don't believe George Washington licked his boy for finding a bottle of whisky in the shed when he was hunting after a horse-shoe, either!"

THE bureau of statistics of the Detroit *Free Press* estimates that there have been but 128,-346 newspaper slurs at pull-back dresses up to date. These figures are large, and it is no wonder they inspired the poet to the utterance of these burning words:

> Oh, let poor woman's clothes alone;
> They're none of your concern;
> She never makes fun of you'rn;
> Then why poke fun at her'n?

"THE pass-word is 'Saxe'—now don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel, just before the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was marshal.

"Sacks! Faith and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?"

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel after the Irishman had arrived at his post.

Pat was as wise as an owl, and, in a sort of whispered howl, replied:

"Bags, yer honor!"

ALL WELL.—A resident who reached Detroit by a noon train yesterday, after an absence of two weeks, was met at the depot by his eight-year-old son, who loudly welcomed him.

"And is everybody well, Willie?" asked the father.

"The wellest kind," replied the boy.

"And nothing has happened?"

"Nothing at all. I've been good; Jennie's been, and I never saw ma behave herself so well as she has this time."

FORETHOUGHT.—Yesterday, as we were passing a street beyond the Atlanta Medical College, and on which a number of negroes reside, we heard an old negro calling out to his wife:

"Manda! Is you got them chickens cond'ed in de smoke-house like I told yer?"

"No! an' I like ter know what's de matter wid you, dat you's so tickler 'bout dem chickens all at once?" she replied.

"Nebber you mind! I know what's de matter, and dat's nuff. Git dem chickens in housed! When I hears dat dem niggers ober dar in the next yard is gwine to hab a party to-morrow night, I wants to be shore dat my chickens doesn't tend it, you hear me?"

The chickens were at once locked up.—*Exchange.*

A Lesson Taught by Experience.

Among the many valuable lessons taught by experience, there is not one of greater moment to the invalid portion of the community than the following, viz. That alterative treatment is only permanently successful when aided by invigoration. When the functions of the body are disordered, the use of a genial tonic with which corrective properties are combined is the speediest means of regulating them. Such a tonic is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular, as it is the best article of its class. For more than twenty-five years it has been used with signal success as a remedy for, and preventive of malarial fevers, as a means of imparting strength to the debilitated, and as a curative of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney troubles and uterine weakness. Not only have multitudes of those whom it has cured borne testimony in its behalf, but it has been repeatedly commended by the medical profession and the press.

Tourists will find the American House, Boston, a most convenient point from which to visit places of interest. It contains a large number of suites of rooms, which may be secured by post or telegraph by families traveling.

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THE COMMON SYMPTOMS

Of Liver Complaint are sallow skin, coated tongue, costiveness, offensive breath, drowsiness, headache, &c. All persons thus affected may be speedily relieved by SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS. The symptoms of Worms are often mistaken for those of Liver Complaint; but as the Pills are applicable to either case the mistake of one disease for the other will cause no inconvenience if these Pills are used as the remedy.

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In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of those complaints in a few hours.

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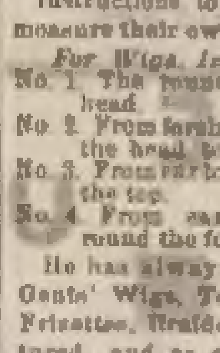

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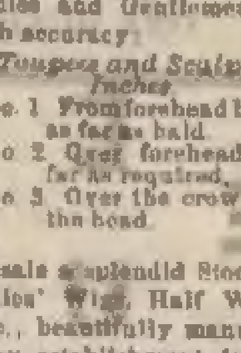

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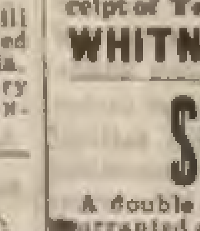

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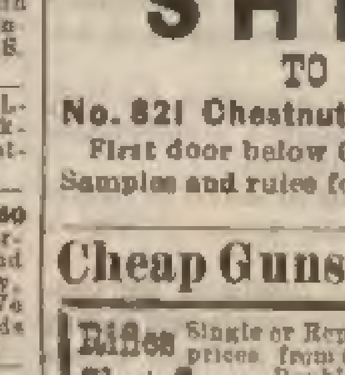

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1223 Chestnut st., Philada., Pa.

THE FASHIONS.

We have received such charming styles from abroad by late mails that we will extend the gratification afforded us in seeing them by giving descriptions of such as were most striking: A most unique costume for the watering places (it would be too pronounced for ordinary toilette) is of ivory-colored silk, and a dotted over-dress of mixed silk and wool tissue, of a similar tint. The underskirt has the entire front breadth laid in longitudinal pleats, until within about twelve inches of the bottom, where a bias flounce is set on, and shirred four inches from the top. This flounce extends around the back of the skirt, only deeper than in front. The over-dress of the dotted gauze closes in the back, while the fronts cross diagonally. A trimming of cream-colored ostrich bands, below which is a soft fringe, falls from the bottom of this over-dress, while below it is a bias and scantily gathered flounce of cardinal-colored silk. A sash of the same color is passed under the middle of the front width, through two openings made for that purpose, and taken from thence under the puffs of the draped back widths, falling from thence in loops and ends. A standing collar surrounds the neck, below which a wide ribbon of cardinal color, from which is suspended a gold locket, is passed, and tied in a loop behind. A succession of narrow ruffles finish the otherwise plain coat sleeves.

With such a costume is worn a Leghorn hat, with tips of cardinal-colored feathers, and face trimming of cream tinted silk serge.

A dinner dress of pale pink *faille* silk had an entirely plain underskirt, with long train disposed in quadruple pleats behind. A wide sash of deeper pink faille was laid in wide folds, and passed around the dress just below the hips, acting as a heading to a succession of rows of deep and pointed netted fringe, which covered the entire front of the dress. This sash then draped the back of the garment slightly and fell in graceful loops and ends upon the trained skirt.

No overdress was worn and the form of the silk garment was of a *Gabrielle shape*, buttoning or lacing down the back.

The neck had a high standing collar, coming down in a point upon the bust, and having within a high ruche of white crepe lisse.

Pleated frills and a band of ribbon, with bow on the outer seam, completed the plain sleeve.

So much for the more elaborate costumes, now to the plainer ones, such as are within reach of ordinary purses.

One for the country, of

STRIPED BATISTE,

is so simple, and yet so graceful, that it will commend itself to all. The underskirt has two knife-pleated flounces of about six widths deep, edged with a narrow French lace edging.

The overdress is a long Polonaise, opening in front, and draped behind after the manner of the Marguerite polonaise.

It closes in V form upon the bust, and has a knife pleating around the bottom, similar to the ones on the lower skirt, and a narrower one extending up the front.

The coat sleeves are trimmed from the elbow down, with two deep knife pleatings overlapping each other. Nothing can be more attractive in the way of a model for summer dresses than this one which we have just described.

This Polonaise form of overdress, for light fabrics, is gaining in popularity, commending itself for grace and adjustability.

A pretty suit for a child of seven to twelve is of dark blue cambric, trimmed with a lighter blue in stripes.

The under skirt has an edging of the light blue directly at the bottom, and is laid in deep kilt pleats. The over skirt is edged with a similar band of light blue, and is looped in the back.

The waist is blouse form, laid in box pleats, and is edged with a piece of light blue, similar to that upon the rest of the costume.

A deep collar, edged with the stripe, finishes the neck. A row of pearl buttons, large size, is placed on each side of a band of light blue, which marks the centre of the waist. A belt of light blue defines the waist.

A pleating of light blue, divided by a band of dark blue, held down by a pearl button, finishes the half loose coat sleeve.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We have seen so odd and pretty a fan made of perforated card board, cut with a sharp pair of scissors into the desired shape, that we shall give a description and directions concerning the making of it: The materials needed are a sheet of perforated card board, six yards of narrow blue or brown ribbon, and some thin slips of bamboo, such as is used in making Japanese fans, or if not obtainable, any thin slips of pine or maple—a ring for fastening the bottom, and some strong glue. Cut by an old fan a pattern of the strips needed. If such a pattern is not easily gotten, cut thirteen or fourteen slips from the card board, thirteen inches long and rounded at the top, sloping in width from two and a half inches to one, and near the bottom half an inch. Cut all the pieces double. Have the bamboo or wooden splits arranged in a semicircular form, fan-shaped. Glue a strip of card board over each piece and the duplicate of the former on the opposite side of the strip. With a sharp pen-knife, cut a slit in the upper part of each piece so glued, a third of an inch long; cut another an eighth of an inch from it, and an inch and a half below the top of the piece. In these slits the connecting ribbon must be run, but not yet; cut similar slits just above the handle part of the card board pieces, and also just above the lower edge—just above the ring; cut a pattern of leaves or stars, or such design as you fancy, on the upper part of these strips of card board—just as the bookmarks are cut, with a sharp pen-knife; give both sides a coating of brown paint or walnut-stain preparation; this gives the effect of sandalwood. When thoroughly dry, run in the ribbon in the slits cut for the purpose, and glue securely down at the outside pieces. These last may be triple for greater security, or else have a stronger slip of wood in them. Finish at the bottom with a piece of wire or wood, with fastenings of ivory at each end, and attach the ring, and your "sandalwood" fan is complete.

A fancy for shell-work having been revived by the sight of some exhibited at the Centennial, we shall by request give direction for the making of a spray in rice shells, which are very easily attainable: Materials needed are the rice shells, and fine silver wire; also coarser wire, covered with white thread, as used for wax flowers. Thread the shells, one at a time, on the fine wire, and bend down one end, folding it under the rest. Having arranged a sufficient number to form a leaf or petal, (the fuschia is an easy flower to copy) begin by taking one shell so threaded and having a long stem; this is for the pointed end of the petal or leaf. Now fasten one on each side of it just below; then two more in a similar way, and so on until your leaf is formed. In putting the flower together, prepare four smaller leaves for the inner cup, and thread four or five very small shells on the ends of longer pieces of wire, these are for the pistil and stamens. The grouping of the petals is easily done—the wire bending readily into shape. The foundation stem must be of the stronger wire, and afterwards wrapped with fine white [illegible].

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Lily Vere.—Heavy white silk is more appropriate for a wedding dress than satin; would be [illegible] so young a bride, too. Trim with puffings of tulle.

Mrs. R.—Sent silk, per express; also answered letter.

[illegible] V[illegible] Wears [illegible] flouncing and [illegible] back.

STEPPING STONES.

I loved you, Allen, when side by side
We trod the ways of the world together;
Strong in the tempest, and love to guide,
As in the calm of the summer weather.

But changes come—they will come to all;
And truth tells often the olden story!
And the winter fell like a shroud of snow
Over the gold-starred daisies' glory.

And hidden half 'neath the soft spring green
Is the broad, white stone where we sat at even;
A landmark guarding a buried lie!
While the moon and stars smile down from Heaven.

It is almost gone! 'Twas a stepping stone;
I muse to-night with my thoughts, reclining
Upon the grass by the wayside old,
While the sun of another life is shining.

And the sky of a deeper, brighter love
Above my heart with its sheen is beaming;
And all is earnest that erst was dream;
And all is real that once was seeming.

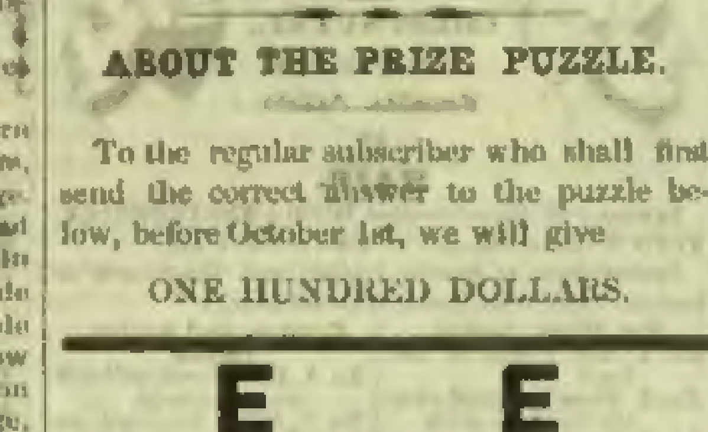
And life has meaning of higher truth,
Whose spirit touches of living beauty
Are brighter than all the flowers of youth—
The soul's translation of love is duty.

And strength, not weakness, its life for aye;
And mingling of tears with merry laughter,
Sowing in trust through the early May
A harvest for all the autumns after.

ABOUT THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

To the regular subscriber who shall first send the correct answer to the puzzle below, before October 1st, we will give

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.



We shall in due time publish the answer and announce the name of the winner, if any is fortunate enough to find the solution. Of course all who become subscribers before October 1st have the opportunity to compete. We can not fairly give information by letter or otherwise which will aid any body, and therefore decline answering such questions as "Is my solution correct?" until the time expires. It is to be a fair trial of wits, and will furnish pleasant study for many an hour.

THE UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSION.

BY ANONYMOUS.

"Make haste, gentlemen! the railway omnibus is waiting!" cried the voice of the hall-porter at the "Royal Hotel," at Long Beach.

A tall, handsome young gentleman, at the summons, came down the staircase, two steps at a time, and almost ran over a matronly lady, some years his senior, who was crossing the hall of the hotel.

"What! going to leave us?" said the lady, in some surprise, and with more meaning in her look than in her words, even.

"Yes; it's no use," was the reply. "Thanks for your good wishes, which I can see in your looks, Mrs. Maxwell. But I am tired of playing the fool."

"Pshaw!" said the lady, putting her arm familiarly into his, and leading him into the coffee-room, which, at that hour, was deserted. "Faint heart never won fair lady, Mr. Hastings. Listen to me. The omnibus will wait a moment."

"It's not a question of faint heart," answered the gentleman. "But Kate won't have me. See here, Mrs. Maxwell—she refused me, point-blank, last night."

"And what if she did? I refused Mr. Maxwell the first time, myself. "It's a way some of our sex have. Come, stay and try again."

"I'm a proud man," was the reply, "and don't like being trifled with. But I'd stay if I thought it would do any good. But it won't. She isn't anywhere about you see, though I told her I would go away to-day. When I said it, she actually laughed. And yet, confound her, I can't help loving her."

Mrs. Maxwell would have liked to have laughed also. But she knew better than to do it just yet.

"She was a little hysterical, or she wouldn't have laughed," she said. "The truth is, Herbert, you are a pair of fools. You are proud, as you say, and don't brook refusals. Kate is, perhaps, a bit of a flirt, but I sincerely believe she loves you. All she needs is a little more urging. You must storm the fortress till it surrenders. Give her no quarter; that is my advice;"—and now Mrs. Maxwell, seeing his face brighten, ventured a laugh.

It was a clear musical laugh, and it cheered Herbert still more. He hesitated. If another five minutes could have been granted to Mrs. Maxwell, she would have prevailed. But, at this moment, a voice cried, "Here he is. Make haste, Hastings. We've been looking for you everywhere. The coachman says he won't wait another moment. Ah, Mrs. Maxwell, our holiday is over you see. Good-bye."

That interruption decided Herbert. He shook his head in reply to Mrs. Maxwell's entreating look, wrung her hand, and dashed out of the coffee-room. The next minute the omnibus was rolling away from the hotel.

It was a mile to the station, and ere it was reached, Herbert began half to repent of what he had done.

"Perhaps I have been too hasty," he said, to himself. What if Mrs. Maxwell is right? I've a great mind to go back." he thought. "Hold on, driver," he cried, aloud, "I've changed my mind. Stop till I jump out."

Before his companions could ask what he meant, he had left the omnibus, had lit a cigar, and was plodding along the beach on his return to the hotel, carpet-bag in hand.

Meantime, where was the offending Kate? To do her justice, she was not aware how much she loved Herbert Hastings until she had refused him. It was altogether coquetry that led her to say "No." The answer had been given in the first surprise and embarrassment of the proposal. She was frightened to find, almost immediately, how much she had misunderstood herself. She grew more and more embarrassed in consequence; and her manner, afterwards, at which Hastings took such offence, was, as Mrs. Maxwell had suggested, really the result of nervousness. Even before he left her, she bitterly repented what she had said. Had he persevered a little longer, she would have confessed the truth. She did not, however, believe he would leave Long Beach, even after he had said so. Hence, early in the morning she had started for a long walk on the sands, hoping to meet him there as usual; for hardly a day passed, within the last month, that these two had not so met.

There was an old wreck, at that time, about a mile or more above the hotel, which had been a favorite haunt of theirs; and thither she repaired. She tried to read till Herbert should appear; but her thoughts wandered from her book continually. Meantime, an hour passed without Herbert appearing. Her heart began to fail her. She spent the time examining her real feelings; and the more she scrutinized them, the more she felt her love had gone from her for ever. By-and-by the hot tears began to come. She knew how proud Herbert Hastings was, and she said to herself he would never come back.

The sea rolled heavily in; the breeze flew fresh from the eastward; the sun shone dazzling bright. She gave up all hope at last, and rising, began to walk back towards the hotel. But after awhile, she sat down again on the beach above the sands. She would not yet abandon the chance of seeing him. Gradually she fell into a sort of reverie, and began, half unconsciously, to trace Herbert's name in the sand with the point of her parasol.

It was at this juncture, that Herbert, walking along the top of the beach, discerned her. His heart began to beat fast. Here was a chance he had wished, yet not dared to hope for. It surely was a favorable sign that she had gone to their usual rendezvous. He hastily bent his steps towards her.

He thought she would hear him as he approached. But she did not. She was evidently too much absorbed: in what, however, he could not yet discover. He came nearer and nearer. What with the roar of the surf, and her own absorption, Kate still remained unconscious of his presence. He approached so close at last, that he could look over her shoulder. Blessed vision! Could he believe his own eyes? She was writing with her parasol, in the sand, the word—"Herbert."

His first impulse was to snatch her to his arms. He was loved then? Mrs. Maxwell had been right.

But he restrained himself, waiting with bated breath to see what she would do next.

She did nothing for a moment. Then she sighed, and went on tracing, slowly, other words. They were—"Herbert, I love you."

Hastings could control himself no longer. Stooping over her, he caught Kate's face in his hands, and kissed her full on her lips. She sprang up, with a half scream, and turned to face him, angrily, for she did not suspect, for a moment, who it was. But when she recognized her lover, she blushed over throat, cheek, and brow even, and covering her face with both her hands, would have run away, if Herbert had not been too quick for her.

"Darling," he whispered, clasping her in his arms, and drawing her to him, "heaven bless you for those words! I had come to try my fate once more. Say that dear confession over again."

Kate was silent for awhile. But his caresses soon dried her tears, and made her forget her momentary shame. By-and-by she looked up saucily, and answered, "Well, listeners, they say, never heard good of themselves, and, if I'm such a flirt as Mrs. Maxwell says I am, you haven't much of a bargain. There, will that do?"

"Then you do love me?" insisted Herbert, eager to hear in her own sweet accents the acknowledgment.

Kate's eyes were now full of mischief.

"What is written on sand, you know, is the simile for a woman's fickleness."

But, even as she spoke, her sparkling eyes lost their saucy look, and gazed at him with such love, that Herbert took her in his arms again, and kissed her rapturously.

What a happy hour it was that followed! The lovers paced up and down the strand, far out of sight of any intruders, exchanging confessions as to when they first began to be interested in each other. Ah! that first hour of mutually acknowledged affection. Is there anything in life, ever after, half, or quarter, so blissful?

Mrs. Maxwell happened to be standing in the balcony of the hotel as Hastings and Kate returned, towards lunch-time, arm-in-arm. She understood all at a glance, but she could not forbear a little raillery.

"Ah you're back again, Mr. Hastings," she said. "I thought you'd such imperative business in town, that, if you didn't get there to-day, the world would come to an end. And you, Kate, my dear, you said you had a dreadful headache. Will walking in the sun cure it, child? Bless me, how red your cheeks are! Really, you must use some violet powder!"

Kate stayed to hear no more of this *badinage*. Taking her arm hastily from Herbert's, though not without a look of love, she fled up the staircase, like a frightened deer. Mrs. Maxwell laughed softly, watching Kate till she was out of sight. Then she turned to Hastings.

"I congratulate you," she said, pressing his hand warmly. "You've won a real treasure. So much, too. for taking an old woman's advice."

"I wish all old women, as you call them, were as beautiful and kind as one I know," answered Herbert, gallantly kissing her hand.

"But, how did it come about?"

"Ah! that's my secret," answered Herbert, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

And to this day he has never betrayed Kate. Only he and she know in what way she made her *unconscious confession*.

PRESERVING HEALTH IN AGE.

The best way to secure health in age, is to take good care of it in youth. This, we suppose, may be put down as a safe rule; but the general, or a widely extended opinion seems to prevail that at the attainment of a certain age, when development is perfected, no effort is to be made to preserve the health from decline. Hence there is a growing disregard at fifty for exercise, and a disposition to seek ease and quiet, avoiding all risk of fatigue. It is doubtless a fact, that early decline of the powers, after fifty, is more the result of violated law, that calls for continued activity, than from any natural decay. A physician friend of ours, when called to attend upon stiff and complaining men of fifty and upwards, invariably prescribes exercise, rather than medicine, when disease is simply inertia.

The virility of man's old age may be measured by his habits in regard to exercise. So, as safely, may his decline be calculated upon, by observing his tendency to yield himself up to voluntary indolence and inactivity. It is true that the man who leads strictly a sedentary life often acquires an exuberance of embonpoint, which may cause persons to say, "He looks the very picture of health," when the truth is, it is the mere simulation often; yes, the rule is that the very opposite is the real condition. The fact is, this very obesity, which so frequently comes upon man in the decline of his life, and which gives him the freshness of health, is often a condition of positive disease. There may be fatty degeneration of the heart and other organs, a condition making the continuation of life very precarious. How often we see the deleterious effects of inactivity among men who are in opulent circumstances, who have succumbed to their inclinations for inactivity, and yielded to the invincible repugnance which they are quite likely to have, for physical exercise! How often we hear the corpulent rich man say, "My limbs are not strong enough to carry my body." Why is this? It is because the muscles have become atrophied from sheer want of exercise.

A HEART HISTORY.

BY MABEL LESLIE.

She was the last person in the world who would seem to have a romance connected with her life, and when one day she told the following story, I listened in wonder. Dear Aunt Alice! I see her now, as she sat that afternoon, with her soft white cap upon the silver hair, and her hand folded over the snowy apron:

When I was young, I was called a beauty. I was a fair girl with health and strength, and at one time quite the belle of our village. Father was wealthy, and we were all as happy as the day was long. It was at that blissful period of my life, that my boy-lover, Allen Harley, returned from school, and from the old-time talk of the doll-house and its accompaniments, we began to talk of real life, and a future in each other's society. I loved the handsome fellow, and when he asked me to be his wife, my answer came from my heart.

Ah, Mabel, the days that followed were fraught with life's best hopes, and I was happy. Allen was to settle in our village, and there pursue the practice of medicine, which was his chosen profession, and already the spot for our house was chosen. All the long winter and spring, my busy fingers worked on; and before the warm weather came, I had a pile of blankets and sheets, and all the necessary household and table linen, packed in the big chests in the garret. My Aunt Alice, whose name I bear, sent me her old-fashioned silver service, and father added the prettiest set of china that could be found. Allen and I used to look these things over and talk of the happy days that would surely come, and our dear little home, which was now under the process of building.

It was in June, and the roses bloomed in our garden, and filled the air with fragrance. The broad fields were resplendent with the sweet pink and white clover blossoms, and the whole earth rejoiced in its robe of summer glory. One night I stood at the door, and watched Allen as he walked slowly across the field, and ever and anon held up his hand to me. It was a lovely night; the sun had sunk to rest, and left behind it a mass of pink and flame-colored clouds, which now floated afar off above the tall pine trees, and the green-capped mountains.

There was not a ruffle upon the lake below; but like my own heart, it lay calm, serene, and beautiful. I stood watching it until Allen came up, sprang over the gate, and stood beside me. A little dart of pain ran through me, and I sighed, when a light breeze rippled across the water, and disturbed its glassy surface.

"Oh!" I said.

"What is it, Allie?"

"I only—— Well, it was nothing. I was only thinking."

"I have a letter for you," he said, pulling a tiny white missive from his pocket; "and I know that it is from some school friend, who wants to come to spend the summer, and officiate as bridesmaid at your wedding. I say it's too bad. It will destroy our peace."

I laughed and opened it. It was written in a delicate hand upon scented paper, and was so very like the writer, Nellie Ellis, that I did not need to look at the signature, to know at once its origin.

"I am coming, Allie, to stay all the summer, if you will let me," she wrote; "and I shall of course expect to be bridesmaid, when you marry your handsome young doctor."

"Didn't I tell you so?" he said, triumphantly, "I knew how it would be."

I coaxed him back into good humor, and we sat there chatting of our happy future, until it grew late, and father called us.

The next week Nellie came, and I shall never forget how lovely she looked, as she stepped from the carriage and came into our little parlor. She wore a travelling suit of light gray, and a dainty little hat, which rested upon her curls like a crown, and made the sweet child-face even prettier than ever.

"What a sweet little nest, Allie," she said, after I had removed the hat and mantle. "I know I shall be more contented here with you. And so, brownie, you are going to be married. Dear me, it quite makes me shiver to think of it. Is he handsome?"

"Very."

"Of course you think so. Well, I hope so, for I think it must be dreadful to marry a plain man."

I smiled at her, and called her a baby; and thus Nellie began her visit.

Allen came that evening, and I saw the admiration in his eyes, when he beheld her. She was really shy, and crept away into the shadow of the rose-bush near the door, and sat down pulling the ears of my tortoise-shell kitten, and not until Allen went and gave her his hand, could we draw her from her hiding-place.

She was a mere child, and would shake her curls down over her white shoulders and laugh until I wanted to clasp her in my arms and kiss her. I think Allen felt so too, for at such time the great gray eyes grew soft and beautiful, and the smile upon his lips tender and fond.

He loved to set her upon the fence before the door, and laugh when she cried out that she should fall; and when he had teased her a long while, until the bright eyes were brighter with tears, he would go, and putting both arms around her, lift the wee thing down and pat her head. I thought nothing of it, but idle fool that I was, went on with my work, and left them to themselves. I was only too glad to see them happy. I never dreamed that aught could come between him and me. I thought the love which bound us so deep and strong, that death alone could part us; but, alas! I knew nothing of the canker at its roots.

One day I came upon them as they sat under the tree behind the house, and I saw her hand in his, and heard her say, "Allen, you are a naughty, naughty boy."

He laughed, and leaned over and kissed her. I would have gone away and left them; but her sharp eyes caught a glimpse of me, and she cried, "Come, Allie, and scold this bad boy."

I went and sat down beside them, and tried to be merry; but oh! there was a bitter, bitter pain at my heart, and I could not crush back the dreadful light which had so suddenly gleamed upon me.

The summer days passed on, and I saw that these two hearts were each day drawing nearer, and my poor love drifting away; but I kept a seal upon my lips, and smothered the sorrow which was devouring me.

At last, one night I went up to my room, and sitting there, I penned a note which I meant to send him early in the morning. I told him that I had seen his love for her, and gave him to her with my blessing. Heaven only knows the tears which those lines cost me, but I believe I arose from my desk stronger than before.

I lay down upon my bed and wept for hours, until sleep came and hushed my grief. It was late in the night when I awoke and I found I had left the window open, and the night air was falling upon me. I arose, and went to close it. I looked out. It was almost as bright as day, and I could see afar out over the lake. I looked until I grew tired, and was about to leave the window, when a light figure crossed the broad belt of moonlight on the lawn.

I started up with a cry. Some vague, unknown fear crept over me, and I went into Nellie's chamber. The little room was as still as death, and the bed not slept in.

A little white note fluttered down from the mantel, and I stooped and picked it up. It was the same dainty hand that I had read before, on the doorstep, in the early June.

"Allie, forgive me for my wrong. I love him, love him dearly, and he has told me that he cannot, will not live without me. Forgive and forget your erring

NELLIE."

I sank down upon the floor, and all became dark and confused. When I awoke, it was many weeks later, and the sinful lovers far, far away.

Mabel, child, the weary years have dragged on, and I have kept up with them, and that is all. I have not lived, I have not hoped.

Nellie, poor child, came back to die in my arms, ten years later; and he, poor, misguided wretch, lived on. Heaven alone only knows where he now wanders.

Up-stairs in the old green chest lie the cherished objects, which in those happy days I so loved to look upon. They are all that I have left.

The soft eyes looked down upon the lake below the hill, and I saw a little quiver upon her lips. She was praying for *him*.

SMALL MEANS.

The power of money is on the whole over estimated. The greatest things which have been for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. The greater thinkers, discoverers, inventors and artists have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers, in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are oftener an impediment than a stimulus to action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows sated with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time heavy on his hands; remains morally and mentally asleep; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

THE THINGS THAT MAKE MEN.

It is not the best things (that is, the things which we call the best) that make *men*; it is not pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences of life; it is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil; here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alterations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes man a *man*, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears the marks of the struggles which he has had to undergo on his brow.

SCIENTIFIC.

CHLOROFORM has been lately found to act with great rapidity in extinguishing the flame of the vapor of petroleum. Combustible gases, mixed with chloroform vapor, are found to immediately lose their explosive properties, and even their combustibility. The successful result of these investigations has suggested various practical applications of the method, and, among other uses, it is thought that it might be advantageously employed, upon a large scale, for extinguishing fires in petroleum stores and on board ships.

EXPERIMENTS prove that coals for naval purposes should be those which contain the least water. Coal containing sulphur should be avoided, as that ingredient is very injurious to iron and destroys the boilers. Coal containing the most lead is found to be the richest in its proportion of carbon—the most valuable property of coal. The amount of carbon present can easily be discovered by powdering a little of the coal and burning it in a crucible with litharge; the button of lead found in the bottom shows the proportion of carbon according to its weight.

A new German dye called eosin has been invented. It appears that when thalic acid, obtained by the oxidation of napthalin and resorcin, which is prepared by heating assafetida with alkalies, are heated together, a fluorescent substance is produced; from this latter, treated with reducing agents, fluorescin, a colorless base is derived. The new dye stuff is produced from fluorescin, by treatment with bromine in combination with potash, and its solutions in alcohol are of a delicate rose color in transmitted, and a pure yellow in reflected light. The shades produced on wool, also on silk, resemble those of cochineal—on silk the dye showing red or yellow according as the fabric is viewed.

A SINGULAR phenomenon, frequently met with in the Indian Ocean, the real cause of which has not been ascertained, is the existence, off Malabar, and in certain spots along the Coromandel coast, of vast mud banks and of tracts of mud suspended in the sea, wherein many kinds of fish find abundance of food, immunity from much disturbance in the surrounding element, and a locality in which to breed. The exact cause of the existence of these large tracts of sea in which the mud thus remains in solution is a mystery; but at any rate the ocean is so smooth that, during even the height of the southwest monsoon, vessels can run for shelter into their midst, and, once there, are as safe as when inside a breakwater.

The controversy as to the possible economy of compound engines has been long ago settled, says the *Scientific Press*, and the advantages of the additional cylinder and piston, to be operated by the steam exhausted from the first, have been proved beyond any doubt; but the economy is not derived, as some seem to think, from using steam twice—for, whether the steam passes through one cylinder or forty the difference between the pressure of the steam at its entrance to the first cylinder and its final exhaust into the atmosphere, is the sole power which the engine can exert. The low pressure, larger cylinder added to an engine, while it discharges its steam at lower tension, creates a certain amount of back pressure in the first or smaller cylinder, and there is, therefore, no positive gain of power in a compound engine. But the larger cylinder enables that little understood and most important part of steam, its elasticity, to be much utilized; so that it may be said—remarks the *Press*, in conclusion—that the additional cylinder is equivalent, in result, to a very effective cut-off.

IN his review of the iron manufacture for the year, Hupfeld remarks that, in improvements in the production of iron and steel, quantitative progress only has been made for the most part, the best example of which is in North America, where, at some of the iron works in New York and in Pennsylvania, an average of forty to forty-five charges is made in twenty-four hours, two converters producing close on to one million cwt. a year. On the continent, and in England, the old Austro-Swedish method of direct working from the blast furnace is much in vogue, with the intent to lower the cost of production, and so make head against competition. Steel works, without blast furnaces of their own, endeavor to reduce the expense of remelting by working up scrap with pig, at a high temperature. In some works, in a combination of the Bessemer and Martin processes, sixty per cent. of the charge is scrap. According to this last named method, the scrap is thrown melted or cold into the converter with heated pig, rich in silicon. With charcoal pig, poor in silicon, they are the best treated in the Martin furnace.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS:—"Big Trees of California;" "Uncle Joshua's Legacy;" "Courting under Difficulties."

GOOD EATER (Petersburg, Virginia) asks: "What part of a fowl is the merry thought?" Webster says, "The forked bone of a fowl's breast, which is broken in sport by two persons, one pulling at each end, the largest part broken being taken as an omen that the one who gets it will be married first; a wish bone."

ENQUIRER (Eldorado, Kas.) writes: "Will you tell me what the chances are for a young man to get a position as bookkeeper in your city, he being a stranger." Your chances would not be good. The city is already crowded with unemployed young men. For every position offered there are numerous applicants, and these are mostly young men with good city reference.

RESEARCH (Baltimore, Md.)—"Why is a drinking-glass called a tumbler?" Because it was formerly the custom to make these glasses with pointed bottoms, so that they could not stand, but would tumble, if placed upright. Those were the days when hard drinking was the rule, and by this expedient every one was forced to empty his glass before he could set it down. A drinking bout in that age generally ended by most of the drinkers themselves becoming tumblers.

S. M. R. (Towsontown, Md.)—"Please tell me, through the correspondence column of the POST, what color of gloves look best for a gentleman for fall or winter wear. In the best society, is it proper or customary for a gentleman to shake hands with a young lady when introduced to her?" Dark-brown, or drab, or steel-gray. If the lady wishes to shake hands, she will express her desire by extending her hand. Otherwise, the gentleman should simply bow in acknowledgement of the introduction.

BEGINNER, (Wyandotte, Kas).—"Please answer the following questions: 1. Should authors write on foolscap or common note paper? 2. Should they write on one or both sides of the paper? 3. How much is usually paid for sketches and short stories? 4. If an author wishes any part of the story printed in italics, how is the desire to be expressed?" 1. It is immaterial on what size of paper you write, though note is preferable, as it may be sent with little or no folding. 2. Write only on one side of the paper. 3. The price paid for stories depends entirely on their merit and the reputation of the author. 4. Draw a line under the word or phrase which you desire to have in italics.

J. M. N., (Macon, Georgia.)—"Will you be so kind as to give me a grammatical form how I shall ask the parents of my intended for her?" We should advise you by all means to address them orally. Your difficulty can be settled much more readily and satisfactorily by word of mouth than by the pen. If you have got safely over the dreadful ordeal of asking the young lady, you can surely muster courage to speak to the father. If, however, you prefer to make your appeal by letter, say: "I dearly love your daughter; I am satisfied that she returns my love, and I earnestly request your consent to make her my wife. My means of supporting her are," etc., or something to that effect.

PERPLEXED (Peoria, Ills.) writes: "There is a young gentleman in this place where I live, and a young lady and myself have fallen in love with him, and I want him. Please tell me what to do." We are at a loss how to advise you on so delicate a subject. We have had only a slight acquaintance with love matters, and cannot, therefore, give you the benefit of varied experience. Some love maxims teach that you must not let him know of the existence of your love. "Be distant to him, and he will be near to you." Others say that love begets love, and that affection perceived is likely to arouse a similar sentiment in the heart of the one admired. Between such diverse maxims you had better choose a golden mean.

ASPIRANT (Oil City, Pa.)—"I wish to ask a few questions, and would be glad to have them answered. 1st. Are the Arion Pianos good? Are they worth $230 and freight? I wish to get one, but owing to the scarcity of money, am trying to get the cheapest, though it may not prove cheapest in the long run. 2d. What are good stories from two to four columns worth? 3d. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. You had better try for yourself. We know nothing about their virtue or their value. Besides, it is a subject concerning which we prefer not to render information, as we have no better means than our readers of judging of the value of articles with which we have no personal experience. 2d. It depends altogether on what is signified by good stories. Many that are deemed good by the writers themselves, are not worth perusal. 3d. Your writing is inferior.

LAW STUDENT, (Waco, Texas,) asks: "How far advanced should a fellow who wishes to study law be, when starting to a law school? Would a common school education be sufficient? What books should he get to commence his studies in? About how long would it take a person with tolerably good common sense, and who wishes to make law one of the studies of his life, to graduate and get a license to practice? Now, I suppose you will say it is owing to the interest he takes in his own education. Well, if he studies hard and takes an interest in what he is studying, I don't suppose it would take him so long as one who didn't care. Would it?" Certainly not. Care and attention are necessary to make progress in any study. At the same time original ability and taste for the study are important items, and the rapidity of advancement depends largely on these. With close study it ought to take from four to five years to become sufficiently versed in law to enter upon its practice, but owing to the present system of legal education in many States, a license may be obtained after a few months study, whether the applicant is qualified or not. It is always desirable to commence the study of law with the advantages of a liberal collegiate education, but in exceptional cases it may only be necessary to be well-grounded in the rudiments. As to the books necessary, it will be better to wait until you apply to the law school for admission, and learn what particular books are used there.

C. F. D., (Vineland, N. J.,) writes: "I am a young man possessed of good qualities and honored ancestors. Having been favored by fortune, the future seems prosperous. The young gentlemen about this vicinity are very jealous of me, because the ladies take more notice of me than of them. Now must I seclude myself from society; or can you give me some advice whereby I can render myself agreeable to both sexes. If a gentleman riding along the road should meet another gentleman with a lady, and he should speak, which is proper according to the rules of etiquette, to simply nod the head or tip the hat; or if to tip the hat is proper, ought the lady to speak? Where can I get a book on etiquette and what will be the price? What do you think of my handwriting for a farmer?" We do not see how you can escape the jealousy of the gentlemen, if you will persist in being so attractive to the ladies. You might try and diminish this attractiveness. Of course, you cannot help being good-looking, but you might hint that you had run through your fortune, and appear as a man with nothing but his good qualities to recommend him. That is sometimes quite efficacious. It might be still better to attach yourself to some lady in particular. If considered as engaged property, the gentlemen would have no further reason to be jealous. In meeting a gentleman acquaintance with a lady, you should politely *raise*, and not tip, your hat—and he should do the same. It is not expected that the lady should speak, if she is not acquainted with you. Any bookseller can furnish you with works on etiquette. Your handwriting is good.

FELL, (Easton, Pa.,) writes: "I like the idea of submitting different topics to those who have the facility for investigating them. Will you give the result of your investigations on the following questions: 1. What is most suitable for a lady to give to a gentleman to whom she is engaged for a memory present? 2. Should a lady allow her betrothed to kiss and embrace her? 3. Would you consider it conspicuous for a gentleman and lady love, who live in the country, to ride alone to church or anywhere? 4. Which do you think the nicest and most suitable for a marriage ceremony, church or private house; and if the former, what apparel would be most becoming, white or colors, it being in the day instead of the night? 5. There is a lady of the following description: Dark auburn hair, dark blue eyes, a fair complexion. Now, as a bridal dress for that lady, she being married in the day and at church, what would you prefer for her dress, white or colors? 6. Don't you consider a white hat most suitable for a bride? 7. Do you think it conspicuous, or at all unbecoming, for a gentleman and his lady love to sit in the parlor of a private house and converse, with the door shut, when the weather is such as to require a close room? Do you think I have asked any unprofitable questions?" 1. She might give him a seal ring; that would make a neat and appropriate present. 2. To a reasonable and modest extent, and at proper times and places. 3. Not unseemly conspicuous. 4. It is a matter of taste entirely. 5. White is usually preferred. 6. Yes. 7. Not very conspicuous, if they are shut in alone, and not unbecoming, as people usually exercise charity towards the shortcomings of lovers. 8. No doubt they are profitable to you, and you are the only one immediately concerned.